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# *The* **NEW IDEA**

SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

*for* **WOMEN**

4<sup>d</sup>

*Tailored  
Bolero*  
*Instructions  
Inside*





# THE MERE MALE

## BACHELOR LOGIC

**HAVE** you ever noticed how some confirmed bachelors, while declaring they have no time for women and intend never to marry, are quick to accept any help other men's wives can give them?

I have in mind one such male who says he "has no use for females," yet he is a frequent visitor to a married man's house, gets his friend's wife to wash and iron his shirts and press his best trousers occasionally. He smacks his lips with satisfaction after enjoying her home-made cakes and dinners.

"Far better than bought cakes and much nicer as well as more nourishing than cafe meals," he declares.

So we are handy to have about the place.—Annette. (N.S.W.)

## NO NAIL POLISH

**MY** proudest features are my hands and I have always liked to view the effect of bright red nail polish. However, the man in my life dislikes any polish but discreet natural. This I have tolerantly laughed at because, after all, he smokes and even though I am not keen on his doing so I don't mention my dislike.

I was secretly admiring my lovely painted nails when my fiancé caught me. I asked him why he disliked them. He said: "Red nail polish makes a girl look cheap and it certainly does not suit you."

What can I do now, but throw my bottles away. Incidentally he still smokes.—Annep. (S.A.)

## PITY THE WIVES

**READING** the pars of wives in this column, I'm beginning to wonder why people pity the poor spinster. According to these wives, their husbands are thoughtless, selfish, casual, useless, mean, and cruel. Once in a while a lone wife will write with touching gratitude of her lord and master's one good point which is almost hidden by his many failings.

Yes, this column has shown at least one unattached female just how well off she is!—Satisfied. (N.S.W.)

## SILENT MEN

**WHY** is it that men have the annoying habit of replying: "I heard that last week?" Being busy in the house the country wife may not go out very often and so does not hear much news.

After a conversation on the telephone to a neighbor wifie may say to Hubby: "Cousin Betty broke her leg last week, I must go and visit her."

Hubby will brightly reply, "Oh yes, I heard that the day it happened."

Now just why can't these non-talkative men tell us of these incidents when they take place instead of saying nothing. There may be a new baby in the district, but it could be six months old before we would hear it from our menfolk.—Leolita. (S.A.)

## HELPLESS

**IF** judged by my man, men are helpless in a crisis. We had been married 11 months, when the stork was expected. Severe labor pains started at two in the morning, so I woke Hubby to ring for a taxi.

The telephone box is outside the next door house, but the good fellow dressed complete with collar and tie and brushed his shoes before going to phone.

However, he is getting trained. Next time he went to the phone at 9 in the evening in underpants and singlet and one sock.—P.M. (S.A.)

## MAKES WORK A HOLIDAY

**MAN** advising his friends to visit a certain holiday resort: "You can't do better than go there. The beer's good. The weather's good, and the women are good-oh. . . . You get about two hours sleep every 24 hours.

"But what matters is that you get back to the office with a new outlook. Work's just like a holiday afterw rds."—A Real Rest.—O.T. (N.S.W.)

## WORM

**OVERHEARD** in a city store: "I wish I could have some shaving cream," said Husband, who looked wistful and worried.

Wife, with a nasty gleam in her eyes, replied: "Well, you can't. You can do as Jack does and use soap. If soap is good enough for Jack it's good enough for you."

I'd like to be around when, and if, the Worm turns.—I.Y. (Vic.)

## HEREDITARY

**BABY** was thoroughly enjoying his bottle when a visitor arrived.

"Baby certainly likes his bottle," remarked the visitor.

"Yes, he does take after his father," the mother replied.—A.T. (N.S.W.)

## PEDIGREES COUNT

**FARMER'S** wife was taken to hospital for her third baby. Not once did the farmer visit his wife during her stay in hospital, though he telephoned daily.

He gave as his reason for not visiting the hospital the fact that he was expecting two of his pedigree cows to calve any day, and he had to be on the spot in case of complications.—A.T. (N.S.W.)

## THE EXCEPTION

**THE** girl in the florist's shop smiled sympathetically as she passed over the bunch of roses to a male customer. "They are my wife's favorite flowers," he said.

"I hope your wife will soon be better," said the girl.

"She's not ill," said the customer. The attendant looked nonplussed. "Well," she said, "usually when a man buys flowers for his wife she's either sick or dead."—Oakdene. (N.S.W.)

## UMBRELLA MAN

**I'M** a great one at losing my umbrella, generally at the rate of one a year. It looked like rain recently and I took my brolly to town. Hubby jokingly told me I'd be sure to lose it, so I told him to see to it that I didn't.

As we left one shop he asked me had I left anything behind me. When I looked over my packages and said no, he triumphantly produced an umbrella like mine, but poor man, I had mine safe and sound.

He'd picked up another customer's and had to return it and apologise.—Dutchie. (W.A.)

## UNPLEASABLE

**FRIEND'S** husband insists on cake in his lunch-box. If she cooks a lot, he growls about the gas bill. If she buys cake, there is a real storm about "bought stuff." Biscuits? He wouldn't eat them—they are too expensive, and besides he never had them as a child; his mother had more sense.

In short, there is no pleasing him, and Friend has given up trying; she goes her own placid way, and has developed a hard shell to criticism—Cooky. (N.S.W.)

## ANOTHER TEA RITE

**MY** husband cannot stand hot or strong tea. He insists on the tea being made in the pot *without a lid*. Otherwise, he says, it is too hot. In my opinion, the tea thus made doesn't draw properly, but my tastes aren't considered.

After the tea is made in the lidless pot he pours it out immediately "to cool." Later he has another cup, and, if weak enough, pronounces it "beautiful."—Andy's Wife. (N.S.W.)

## SEAT-STEALER

**FEELING** half dead I arrived at the outpatient's section of our local hospital only to find there more people than I cared to count.

An old man, who looked worse than I did, very kindly rose from his seat and offered it to me. Before I could tell the old man that I was more capable of standing than he was, a young man, with a bandaged finger, slipped into the seat.

And there he sat while Pop and I stood.—Wyckben. (Q.)

## WRONG FINGER

**MY** husband came home from work one evening claiming he had a terribly sore finger. He had hit it with a hammer. He complained about his finger until late that night and I was beginning to think he had broken a bone and would need the doctor. The doctor he would not have, so I decided to give him some iodine and a bandage.

Next morning at breakfast I inquired about the injured finger. "Much better this morning," revealed Hub, holding up his hand at the same time.

I burst into a laugh and designated the sore finger. Hub nearly swooned. He held up a hand which disclosed a badly bruised and unattended finger and a good finger painted with iodine and neatly bandaged.

I thought those sort of things only happened in the pictures.—Wyckben. (Q.)





Suddenly and without warning the door swung open, catching her in the back.

**A**S Penny Torrence rolled over on the cushions and let the sun shine on her already evenly tanned back, she declared, "I think we should give Veronica a party."

Diana Perry blinked behind her dark glasses as the glare through the window of the sunroom caught her strongly.

"There's not much time," she said doubtfully. "How on earth can we get in touch with all the girls?"

Trixia Lanagan, the remaining member of the sunbathing trio, jumped restlessly to her feet and strode around the sunroom with her brow furrowed. "We're not licked yet, kids," she said suddenly. "What about tonight?"

"Tonight? But it's the Fancy Dress Ball tonight! We couldn't—"

"Why not? The whole gang'll be there! Why not announce it at the ball that Veronica's getting married on Monday? The kids'll see to it that she gets some super presents when they know. What d'you reckon?"

"We could try it," Diana admitted. "I'd hate Veronica to feel neglected, but she—well, she does things so suddenly! I didn't even know she was engaged, and now she springs this on us!"

Trixie grinned and shrugged her shapely shoulders. "Can't say I blame her. She's never had much home life. Why shouldn't she take a chance now?"

**A** "Yes, but why the rush?"

"She says he wants to give her a home. She's mad about him."

"Have you ever seen him?"

Trixie tossed her mass of blonde hair impatiently. "Hang, Diana! Paul's all right! He must be! Veronica's not a kid, and she seems to think he's an angel.

And gosh, she ought to know, I suppose. I think you write too many yarns. You seem to think there's a mystery behind everything."

"It's not that," protested Diana, smiling a little uneasily. "You kids will probably think I'm crazy, but I'm just not happy about it all. Call it intuition if you like, but—well, I wish I could have a talk with Veronica."

"Oh, don't be an old hen!" said Trixie. "She knows what she's doing. Even if Paul has woven a spell over her."

"Wish I had a hunk of man to weave a spell over little me," said Penny, wriggling as the sun began to burn her back. "Hasn't he got any brothers?"

"You take your place in the queue," Trixie said gaily. "If there are any brothers I'm having a slice of 'em first."

"What about me?" Diana put in. Trixie winked at Penny as she replied: "Don't be greedy, Diana. One man at a time is enough, don't you think? Do you want to break Cuthbert's heart?"

**A**T precisely the same time that sunny afternoon Cuthbert Ross's mother was exchanging gossip with her unmarried sister over a cup of tea.

"You know, Matilda," she confided, "something has happened to Cuthbert lately."

"Indeed?" Matilda paused with her teacup halfway to her mouth as the name of her favorite nephew was mentioned. "I haven't seen the poor boy lately. Not ailing, I hope? He used to visit me so often. Every Saturday evening."

"I can't make him out," confessed Mrs. Ross, "he's a changed boy. Ever since that last time he visited you, too. Would you believe it? That night he came home very late, and all I could get out of him was that some girl named Diana had kissed him."

"Diana? But there's no Diana at my place, Agatha. There's little Ruby from next door. She's three and—"

Agatha Ross snorted. "This Diana was more than three. Or else terribly precocious. There was lipstick on Cuthbert's face at breakfast the next morning."

"Lipstick?" Matilda recoiled in horror, and the teacup wobbled dangerously. "Oh, the poor, dear boy! I told you some scheming hussy would try to ensnare him."

"Judging by the expression on his face he didn't look as if he minded being ensnared. He seemed revoltingly happy. In fact, I've been wondering quite a lot

## A PARTY for VERONICA

By  
**E. V. COPEMAN**

about him since. This is one time I wish his father were still alive."

Matilda shuddered at the thought.

"Things can't be that bad! Perhaps I could talk to him? He always listens to me."

"Try if you wish. He's my son, and he won't listen to me. Remember how he used to remain at home and work on his botanical specimens or his study books? Well, now he never touches them. Seems to want to go out all the time. Where to, I don't know. And he has the radio tuned in to the most outrageous music. Boogoo-woogoo, I think he called it."

"But he's always been so steady. He has a good job at Mr. Henkel's office,

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# A PARTY FOR VERONICA

(Continued from page 1)

and likes his work. Not a bit like many young men these days."

Mrs. Ross grunted. "That's the only thing he hasn't changed about. He still loves that office. Only this morning he said he wanted to have a talk with Mr. Henkel about his position. The other craze will pass—I hope. But Cuthbert has ambition. My goodness, he should be home soon. He isn't usually this late on a Saturday, but he said he had to make a call on a friend in town. I'd like you to see him before you leave, and he can tell you what Mr. Henkel said."

"So would I," said Matilda, "but I'm afraid I must be going."

Setting her empty cup down she rose to her feet, and, still chatting amiably, hovered near the door.

Which was rather unfortunate.

For, suddenly and without warning, the door swung open, caught her in the middle of the spine and hurled her halfway across the room. And, completely unaware of what he had done, Cuthbert Ross, his usually well-brushed hair awry, his spectacles crooked and looking like anything but a steady young man with ambition, charged in.

"I've done it, Mother; I've done it!" he babbled, as his Aunt Matilda picked herself up from the floor. "Now I do feel free. I was so afraid I would lose my nerve."

"Cuthbert! You forget yourself. There's no need for such excitement."

"I'm sorry to contradict, but there is, Mother."

Mrs. Ross's face brightened. Even Aunt Matilda forgot her hurts and began to look interested. "Then you are getting advancement?"

"Advancement? No! I've just resigned! Mr. Henkel didn't like it and wouldn't accept it, so I just walked out on him."

"You what?" It was a duet of horror.

"Resigned. But don't worry. I've got a better job already. I start at it tonight. I'm working for Mr. Hands. As a waiter."

He was just in time to catch his mother as she slumped forward.

"VERONICA'S going to get a big surprise," said Trixie excitedly at five o'clock that night as she unlocked the front door of the club hall of the "Younger Bloods" at No. 25 Haley Lane. "You know, for all your doubts about it, Diana, she's doing well for herself. Getting hooked like this just after selling that beaut painting of hers to the Trenton Gallery."

"They said they'd be interested in any more work she does, too. They want to foster local talent. They gave her some fantastic amount for the picture. They seem quite interested in us Younger Bloods since you've become our patron. Of course, Cuthbert's a patron, too. Maybe they think they ought to keep an eye on an arty girls' club with a male patron and—"

Penny interrupted Trixie's chatter as she saw Diana coloring at mention of Cuthbert. "Of course, Veronica knows how to paint. Diana's influence wouldn't be any good without that. Veronica's slaved at it for years, and it's about time it paid dividends."

They walked down the short passage, and Trixie was about to show how the club gymnasium had been converted to a spacious dance floor for the evening's ball when Diana said suddenly: "Trixie, don't you think we should have asked Paul to come along tonight? After all, it would have been nice—"

"Forget it, darling. Paul works Saturday nights. Don't ask me what at. Haven't the faintest idea. He couldn't get time off. After all, he gets a month's holiday starting from Monday."

"I still think it's a bit sudden," Diana said, "Veronica's just doing so well with her painting. If she waited—"

"Try telling her that. She'll sell all her paints and brushes for one glance from Paul. She's really bitten."

"I don't like it," declared Diana.

"I do," said Trixie. "Good luck to her."

"I like it, too," agreed Penny, then added wistfully, "Only I wish he'd bitten me. I could take a lot of bites like that."

Trixie laughed. "Anyhow, what do you think of the general effect, kids? It's going to be a lot of fun tonight. All

in fancy costumes, too. I'm going to be a white rabbit. I've got a super outfit. Is Cuthbert coming, Diana?"

"Why ask me?"

"Why not?" smiled Penny. "If Cuthbert's coming, I'm going to dress up as Lady Godiva. Minus the horse, of course. Cuth has such an eye for beauty."

Diana sighed. "Penny spends most of her life trying to shock Cuthbert," she explained patiently. "And succeeding," she added.

"Poor Cuthbert. I like him," said Trixie impulsively. "His heart's in the right place."

"So are all his other portions," said Penny, and winked into space. "Ask Diana. She knows. You watch them tonight."

"Cuthbert won't be here tonight," Diana said coldly. "That phone call I took just before we left the flat. It was Cuthbert, and he apologised, but it appears he's taken on some new job and won't be free."

CUTHBERT'S impressions of how he had actually been led to decide to become a waiter were still rather vague. He believed it had been on Wednesday night when, after a particularly trying day at the office, he had met the chatty stranger in the tram. He had never seen Mr. Hands before, but Mr. Hands accepted him as a friend. He told him he looked like a young man with ambition. Cuthbert agreed.

He had once hoped Mr. Henkel would think that of him, too. But Mr. Henkel had actually rebuked him during the day, telling him that his work was suffering through lack of concentration. Cuthbert had warned to Mr. Hands and poured out his tale of woe.

"I want something different from life," Cuthbert had said, "than sitting at an office desk. I want to meet interesting people. That's the kind of work I'd like."

"Then why not join me?" Mr. Hands had said cheerfully. "I am just starting a Waiters' Supply Company and I need a partner. A young man not afraid of work who can invest a little capital—"

Cuthbert, full of frustration, had come in with his ears back and his eyes closed. Yes, he would work. He would give Mr. Hands some money to build up the business. How much did he want?

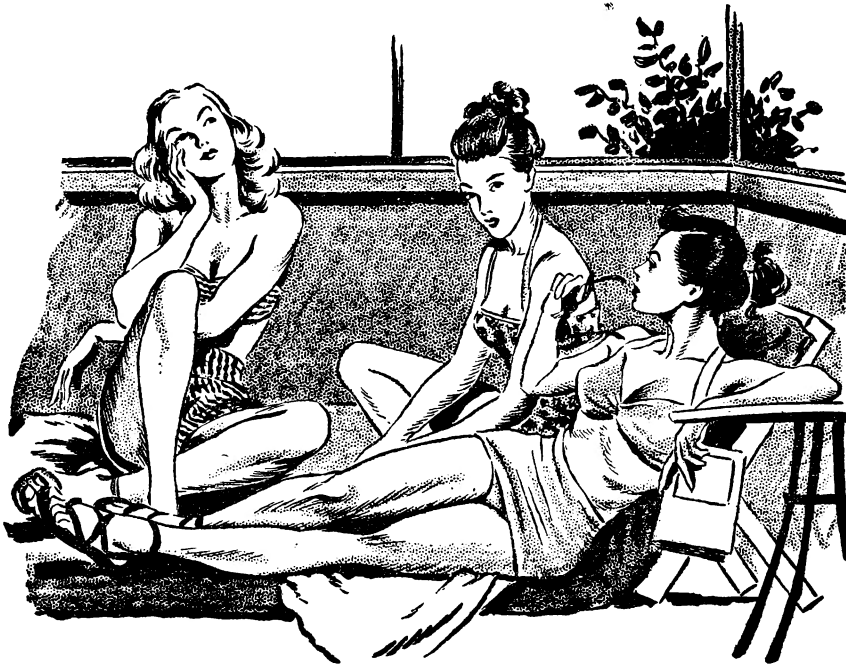
Not much, said Mr. Hands. There was rent, advertising, uniforms, and small expenses. But Cuthbert would be in on the ground floor. He would make a fortune. They would supply waiters and waitresses to every place that needed them. Parties, nightclubs—yes, Cuthbert would see life and meet people then, all right.

The whole deal was still rather hazy. Two things he could remember. One was that he had given Mr. Hands some money. Not much. Only a hundred pounds. He had drawn it from the bank yesterday. The other thing he remembered—very vividly—was the look of horror on Mr. Henkel's face when he had resigned.

Cuthbert was still lost in thought when he arrived outside the dingy little office in Trenton Road at seven o'clock on the Saturday night. He was brought down to earth in a hurry when he heard Mr. Hands roaring angrily at him.

"You're late! Come on, get into the back of the truck, and make it snappy!"

Hardly realising what was happening, Cuthbert climbed inside a utility that was waiting outside the office. He was conscious of the presence of others with him, but it was so dark that he was unable to see. But he felt something furry brush against him, and he flinched.



"Wish I had a hunk of man to weave a spell on little me," said Penny.



# CHANGE of HEART

By LOIS FARRELL

**A**NN hurried breathlessly down Little Collins Street, turned into the doorway of a building near the Causeway, and reached the lift just as it went up.

"Missed it," she fumed, "Just my luck."

Quickly she started up the stairs.

"Miss Phillipson is sure to be near the door and see me come in," she thought.

Strange the thoughts that come into the mind when it wishes to push aside some dreaded thought. The stairs always annoyed Ann, changing as they did from the white imitation marble steps and walls on the ground floor, to the grey concrete and dirty white-wash on the fourth.

"Like a clean apron over a dirty housefrock," she thought as she opened the door of the factory where she was employed as a dress machinist. A hot wave of air came out to meet her and she heard the power switch on. She pulled off her hat and coat and hung them on a peg as she hurried to her machine and flopped into her chair, just a minute late. She could feel Miss Phillipson's eyes on her as she bent her head and machined furiously.

"Sssssss. Sssssss."

Ann had been ignoring the signal for at least an hour. The girls always hissed to attract attention, for it could be easily heard over the drone of the power. She knew well enough that Eileen, the machinist opposite, wanted to talk to her, but she also knew that Miss Phillipson could hear the hissing sound as well as the girls themselves could, and girls who came a minute late could not afford to talk.

However, she could ignore it no longer, for she certainly could not concentrate while it went on. She looked up and found Eileen's baby blue eyes fixed on her hopefully.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Oh, I just wanted to tell you about him. He's asked me out tonight."

Ann was in no mood for chatter about boy friends. Eileen had a new one at least every two weeks and always asked Ann for help and advice, possibly because Ann had reached the grand old age of 27, while Eileen was as yet only 19, but particularly when Eileen had a special date and had to have the loan of a dress. She was still only making belts and collars, and, having the fixed idea that marriage was the only thing in life, had no desire to advance any further.

Ann machined the frocks almost to finishing point, so, with the hem hastily slipped and pressed, they could be worn and returned.

Ann found it very hard to refuse Eileen. She had the soft pink complexion to go with her eyes and soft curling fair hair. She looked so right in the expensive model frocks. It wasn't her fault that she couldn't afford them, thought Ann, and weakly gave in.

But today, Ann determined to be firm. She had slept in that morning, hastily dressed, and still more hastily

run the comb through her short brown hair. Usually, the knowledge that her natural curls did not even need a set, and her clean olive skin little make-up, added to her poised self-assurance; but today she was over-conscious that Eileen's neat green overall set off her soft complexion and shining new perm. Eileen always looked the lady of leisure she aimed at being, and Ann, for once, resented it.

"Listen, Eileen, I am not going to talk today. I'm running late as it is, and you'll be wanting me to help you if you don't get a move on yourself."

"But you should see him Ann, he's at least six feet and he's got the loveliest fair curls and the most mysterious green eyes. I'm sure he's got a past, a dead romance or something."

Ann had heard it all before, or thought she had. "Probably his conscience bothers him when he thinks of all his other girl friends," she said. "Anyway, you'd better be careful sneaking out to meet him on the back stairs. He may look like Gable and Taylor rolled into one, but he's only the boy from the dry cleaners downstairs. I'd find out his income before I risked my job on him."

"You needn't be so mean just because you were late," replied Eileen. "If I did get the sack, we'd probably get married. Oh, Ann, wouldn't it be marvellous to spend your whole life with a man as beautiful as that."

Ann began to lose patience.

"Men aren't beautiful," she snapped. "They are either ugly or handsome, and they don't usually propose the first

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Ann stopped short. It couldn't be, she was dreaming.





### Geranium Leaf

THE middle-aged New Australian couple were strolling towards camp, admiring the rather shabby looking gardens parched by the long dry summer and early rainless winter. The woman darted presently into an open gate, bent over a geranium and appeared to be picking a flower, but she slipped out again rubbing a tiny piece of geranium leaf between her fingers and laughing gleefully held it up to her husband's nose.

It is a refreshing smell, but geraniums are so common as to be unappreciated by all but newcomers. My memory harked back to early childhood days in England, where I saw much prized scarlet geraniums growing in a glass house. How we loved to get hold of a geranium leaf to rub and smell.—Nosta. (W.A.)

### Hup and Hover

AN elderly relative always added "aitches" where they shouldn't be and dropped them where they should be. In the days of horses and sulkies one always wore a dust-coat of Assam silk. These were often trimmed with a gay collar of check gingham.

Thinking my coat could be smartened up with a new collar I was pondering on the design when cousin said: "Hi saw a lovely collar hin town today." Then demonstrating on me with her finger she went on: "Hit went hin and hout then hup and hover."

I was convulsed with silent mirth as the old dear would have been mortally offended had she known she was being laughed at.—Wynloray. (N.S.W.)

### Unauthorised Loan

NEW arrivals to Hilltown, we arranged delivery of daily paper. Saturday morning came—no paper. Monday morning—the same. A wrathful visit to newsagent, who vowed papers were delivered.

Late Monday afternoon neighbor walked in with both papers, pages of which were crumpled and hastily shuffled together.

"We took so long to read the Saturday supplement, which was most interesting, that it wasn't worth returning it till we read Monday's. Dad and I don't buy the paper when we can borrow it so handy."

A stout padlock now adorns the mail and paper box.—Once Bitten. (Vic.)

# Let's Talk It Over

## Ashes and Vapor

IN these days of high prices and shortages we old people don't get many luxuries and my Hubby dearly loves a good smoke and very rarely gets one; so my par money went on cigars and now it has disappeared in the smoke and aroma.

But who cares? The joy of giving and receiving was well worth it.—Susan. (N.S.W.)  
[This looks like more cigars for Hub.—Editor.]



## Simple but Effective

I AM nearly 70 and look back with pardonable pride to our achievement.

I give my good husband credit, too, in rearing seven healthy normal children who are taking their places as good citizens and loyal Australians.

Our methods were simple. From the cradle we taught our children to love God and their neighbor. We corrected and punished them when necessary, but we never forgot to give them a generous measure of praise for every good act, no matter how small.—Mary Day. (Vic.)



## Barbecue Party

YOUNG John dearly wanted a party for his ninth birthday. But what could be done with a small flat, and a landlady who didn't like little boys.

"But, Mum, all the other fellows have parties"—and it was only too true. John had already been to parties for three of his little friends.

He must have a party. And he did. Not the usual party but there were large water-melons, plenty of cool drinks and a whopper birthday cake. Yes, John had a barbecue birthday party by the river. We adults cooked sausages and chops and the novelty for the youngsters made it even more thrilling.—V.C. (W.A.)



## Eye Strain

IN my school-days, over a decade ago, our teachers were very strict that our eyes were to be not less than 15 inches above the page when writing.

Now, with all these new-fangled methods of modern teaching it doesn't seem to matter. My two student youngsters are always playing school at home, and when we have admonished them for crouching over their writing at a distance of about five or six inches away from the page, they calmly say that they write like that in school without being corrected.

Is it any wonder that so many children suffer with eye-strain at an early age, many of them having to wear spectacles before they reach their teens?—Caprice. (S.A.)

## FOR KNITTERS

If you are a knitter or a crocheter with original ideas about making babies' and children's wear or novelties in shape of tea-cosies or toys, let us hear from you. Any design accepted by us will be paid for and the garment returned. Send us the garment with complete instructions on how to make it, not forgetting your name and address. If it passes our knitting department you will see it one day in The New Idea.

## Library List

I RAN a suburban library and had many funny experiences. One Saturday morning a woman client handed me a list of books. I read it down and said: "I only know one of those books, The Fast Lady, and you have the wrong author." She was very surprised.

On the Monday she came in and said: "I must apologise. No wonder you didn't know those books and authors. It was a list of horses and jockeys to back and I was on my way to the races.—A.F. (Vic.)



## Character Won

YEARS ago I saw my best friend marry a ne'er-do-well. "What a shame!" was the comment of nearly everyone. Throwing herself away on a man like that! What chance will the children have to grow up decent citizens?"

The years have flown. The children have grown up to be good citizens, for the fine character and good influence of the mother have won through.

The moral of this story is that if a child has at least one good parent it has a sporting chance in life.

But supposing all the bad men married all the bad women.—Jale. (Tas.)



## Child Psychology

A FEW people were being entertained for a week-end at a friend's home on the river. Out in the punt one day, a fellow guest's three-year-old girl decided that I was *not* to sit by her mother, and kicked everyone in reach by way of registering protest. When that failed to remove me, she threw my cigarettes into the river, the only protest from Mum being that she should not have done that.

Mum was sulking in her bedroom next morning, and when inquiring about her non-appearance at breakfast, our hostess said: "That brat deliberately broke some crockery in the kitchen, and I told her mother she was going to have a handful if she didn't take steps to restrain her. Both she and her husband are school-teachers, you know, and the mother has written a book on child psychology. I'd like to give that unprintable brat a taste of my own brand of psychology."—Maloya. (N.S.W.)



## Hospital Incident

IT was 5 p.m. Everything in our ward at the maternity hospital was quiet. Suddenly a big, middle-aged man rang the doorbell at the front. He was immediately confronted by the sister-in-charge. "Is me old woman here?" he asked, exasperatedly.

Sister smiled. "I don't know," she replied. "She could be. What's her name? And what time did she come into hospital?"

"Her name's Elizabeth," disclosed the angry man. "She must've come in here about one o'clock this morning. I didn't know about it till the alarm went off this mornin'. I'm her husband. She must've got sick through the night. She put the alarm clock near my side of the bed and a note to say she'd gone to the hospital. God knows how she got here."

His wife was in our ward. Her baby had arrived about 3 a.m. It was stillborn.

She told us later that she saw no sense in getting her husband up before she left. It would only worry him and he had nine children to get breakfast for. And believe it or not, she walked about a mile or more to the hospital.—Wyckben. (Q.)



# Where Readers Discuss Things of Universal Interest

## Tormentors

MY neighbor is taking great pains to stop the children at school calling her stout daughter Fatty, Ten-Ton Tessie, etc.

The fat child at school has been known as "Fatty" from time immemorial. The fattest child I ever saw at school was often dubbed "Fairy." Children are born tormentors when their mates are at all out of the usual.

I have even known teachers to be a source of torment to the children. There was a girl at school with a round white face and white hair, and the teacher would call out, "You there with a face like a lump of dough;" or "You—I mean *you* with a face like a suet pudding."

We were terrified of her.—Jas. (Tas.)

☆

## Vandals

I LIVE in the hill country. On Sunday afternoon we are invaded by hordes of city folk, who seem to have the urge to destroy. Young men with rifles find anything fair game for their sporting instincts. Recently I found two magpies shot and one left to die with a broken wing.

Notices on gates are always neatly patterned with bullet holes. Gates are always left wide open. Trees are decorated with names, and, just to make things nice and even I suppose, our mail box receives the same pattern as the gate notice.

Children pick great armfuls of wild flowers and blossom which are often thrown away. I've seen ferns uprooted and tossed away.—M.M. (Vic.)

☆

## Nice Business

I had occasion to return a faulty article to one of our big chain stores. The fault was obvious, but the floor supervisor told me that though they had sold hundreds of this article they had received no other complaint. He thanked me for lodging mine, and said:

"If only customers would come back and complain when they are not fully satisfied, we would be most grateful, for how else can we check up on our sources of supply?"

That makes sense. I was given another article, was asked if I were completely satisfied with the transaction, and came away with the feeling that whatever, within reason, I had demanded they would have endeavored to do.

Big firms are just as anxious to keep your custom, as you are to obtain satisfaction from your purchases.—Brisny.—(N.S.W.)

☆

## Nasty Minds

I ALWAYS feel very sorry for any woman around the 40-year mark, who has to begin rearing a young baby, be it the first or a late-comer.

There are scores of people who think it a great joke when a woman of that age has another baby to upset the placid routine of the couple's home life. Some nasty creatures have even been known to spread rumors, if there is an unmarried daughter already in the home, that the child really is hers instead of her mother's.

When an aunt of mine had a little late-comer recently, her daughter, in her late teens, put a stop to any possible tongue-wagging by putting an announcement in the daily press especially stating the hospital in which the child was born, so giving any suspicious minded person the opportunity to visit the mother and babe.—Ferdinand. (S.A.)

## Novel Wedding Gift

A FRIEND recently married was showing me her wedding gifts, and telling who gave the lovely things. I asked what a mutual friend had given (quite comfortably off, too).

Giggling, my friend said that they had sent them a layby receipt for a pound on an expensive crystal cocktail set. Friend and her husband had called at the store and as the things would have been beyond their means and out of keeping in their modest home they were unprepared to continue payments on an unwanted gift.

The store would not transfer payments so the order lapsed.—Dutchie. (W.A.)

☆

## Sleep Rockers

MY eldest boy now 5½, has rocked himself to sleep, from earliest babyhood by this method. He lies on right side, right hand under right side of face, with left arm bent at elbow and upper part close to body.

In this position, he rolls back and forth with a gentle motion till asleep. He is a placid type of boy.

The girls, 7 and 3, lay flat on their backs and roll their heads from side to side. The baby, 12 months, goes off to sleep with his knees doubled underneath him, chest flat on bed but face to the right side. So far, he has made no attempt to rock himself to sleep. All are healthy.—E.E.B. (Q.)

☆

## Watch Gander

WHILE I was living in south-west China, an English friend of mine considered her gander her most dependable burglar alarm. She was convinced that his frenzied protests at night had deterred thieves many a time, and certainly, she didn't experience the losses so common among other members of our community.

When the day came for her to leave her home for another—12 days' road journey away—she decided that her gander must go, too. The narrow bridle track ahead made the household caravan a long one. I watched it leave, and following the family on horseback—heading the procession of coolies carrying sedan chairs and household goods—was the gander, carefully bedded in a wicker basket strapped to the back of a Chinese servant.—A.L.A. (Fiji.)

## Dusk

Soft winds blowing  
On waters flowing,  
Perfumed with fading flowers;  
Day is dying  
And the winds are crying  
For the lost, sunlit hours.  
Night is dreaming,  
Starlight gleaming,  
Firelight beaming,  
Day is done.  
Now come shadows, slowly, slowly,  
Darkening the valleys lowly,  
One by one.  
The hills alone, are faintly light  
Etched on the blackness of the night!  
The whole earth still,  
Is bathed in sleep,  
A perfect memory to keep,  
When dawn shines on the hill.

Rosemary White.



## Misplaced Sympathy

EVERY time I take my four children for an outing some "pest" comes up to me and offers her sympathy, for what, I don't know. They are healthy children and no trouble, just what our country needs.

Once only, I was told by a dear old soul how fortunate I was having such a lovely family. It made me feel so happy and proud. Was she pestered in her early days of marriage? I wonder.

When the years pass, I intend to offer my congratulations to mothers of large families.—Yarra. (Q.)

☆

## Ingratitude

A WOMAN who had no children of her own adopted a little girl when her mother deserted her and lavished all the love and care on her that she would have given her own child. Then the child grew up and showed resentment that the woman who had been her "Mother" expected her to treat her as a daughter would.

"You are not my mother," she reminded this woman and now does not even visit the home where she grew up. She has no feelings of love or gratitude for the woman to whom she took her childish troubles and who often denied herself that the little girl might have things she wanted.—Gayan. (N.S.W.)

☆

## Lost Articles

I'M convinced that most lost articles are easily recoverable, if the loser would only ask about them. Once I was too self-conscious to bother trying to get my property back, but not now. I search and inquire, and almost always regain my goods.

At our store, we have the most heterogeneous collection of mislaid stuff ever seen—mostly, I must confess, women's and children's belongings—gloves, booties, wrapped parcels of all kinds, small purses.

Women, especially those with small children, have so much on their minds while shopping that it is a wonder anything arrives home safely. But if anything is lost, follow the simple rule: Ask, and in most cases you will receive.—Inquiries. (N.S.W.)

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# While We Are Young—

Conducted by JOSEPHINE GRAY

**H**AVE you done a little personality scale-weighting lately, chicks, or haven't you worried? Too busy to think about anything like that, you say—but wait! Are you sure you are not heading in the wrong direction? Just spare a few of those precious minutes to commune with your old friend Jo.

Pretend that you take each of the things you do, think about or care about, and place them on one of those good old-fashioned pairs of scales.

Do they weigh lightly or heavily? Well, if the actions, thoughts and cares are just a lot of fluff, they will not weigh more than a few ounces. But if they are solid, interesting and diverse, adding up to books, plays, music, contemporary world events, people's opinions, friends of the family, hikes in the bush, lectures on botany—as well as movies, dances, clothes and boys, you will find they are weighed in the balance with nothing wanting.

So, even though you are busy and hectic with the rush of life, perhaps you are just like a fragile doll, pretty to look at but a little thin for company. Dolls wear out quickly and are easily replaced—and they are not missed when they go.

But you cannot say that of girls who are strong in their own opinions, with reason and clear thinking to back them up, or who are definite in their likes and dislikes and sure in their ideals.

It is just too true that hosts of girls are as definite as lukewarm tea in their opinions. They wear their sweater sleeves pushed up, just because everyone else does; they like whatever their partner likes (or whatever he hates), just to be in with him. And if anyone airs a view about the political situation, or starts to say why he or she likes Bach better than Brahms, they keep well out of the conversation. All because they are dead afraid that they may have to speak their mind or argue a point.

What is wrong with their ideas—or rather, where are their ideas? The truth is, they have them hidden away somewhere, and those same ideas are as good as anyone else's, really.

If only these characters would make up their minds what IS important to them; what they specially like and think about things, and why they like them. Just to make up their minds seems such a little thing.

To make up their mind that this year at school or at work will see them learning more than is required to skim through exams. That they will pick up information here, there and everywhere, then form conclusions about things in general. Even if they change these conclusions later on it does not matter—rather it is a good thing.

Their minds would become more elastic and discriminating; they would know when they read or hear a thing whether it has a "grain of truth" in it or not.

How much more interesting and vital life is to the people who listen, look proud, weigh things in the balance, and come to really worthwhile conclusions, than it is to be bods with minds as shallow as saucers and without clues on anything else than how to powder their noses and giggle.

Well, this all seems to be in the vein of a fierce lecture, and you'll be telling me not to preach. But although I am all for plenty of intelligent thoughts and ideas to be fitted into your lives, at the same time do not forget to have the brightest and gayest time. Go right ahead with being carefree and frivolous, but get a sense of proportion about these things.

What I have been trying to say is that it reaps a great harvest in the way of a wonderful personality if you send down a few good solid roots which will anchor that fluff into substantial soil. It will take more than a stiff breeze to blow that personality of yours away, then.

Here is a scrap of interesting news for all you card collectors who are keen to exchange or discuss your collections with other enthusiasts. I have just received a letter from a collector of the cards which are issued with cigarettes, confectionery and breakfast cereals. He is anxious to contact other card collectors, so here is his name and address: Mr. C. R. Lewton, Canterbury Road, Bayswater, Victoria.

"Bye now, everyone. I'll be with you next week.

## To A Soldier

*The broad-faced clock, high in the city tower,  
Watching the noon-day traffic in full spate  
Points an accusing finger at the hour  
And says, "Too late—too late."*

*Too late for what? He has counted out the years  
And not the weeks now, since you went away.  
He knows this tide for me no answer bears  
Though I should wait all day.*

*All day. The crowds past our old meeting place  
Flow forward, halt, spread fanwise, form anew.  
Wave after following wave, face after face,  
But never, never you. . .*

*Midnight, and in a melancholy sky  
The wasted fragment of a winter moon.  
A far off chime ends somewhere on a sigh  
That means—Too soon—too soon.*

*For our next meeting, has no hazardous  
Crossways of human destiny and fate,  
But where both time and tide must wait for us  
And we for nothing wait.*

—K. Dalziel.

## PARTY FOR VERONICA

(Continued from page 2)

Then as the truck struck up, the light from a street light shone into the back and he suddenly gave a yell.

He was sitting beside three terrible-looking red monkeys.

He was halfway out of the truck when one of the monkeys swore at him and dragged him back.

"It's a fancy-dress party we're doing tonight, you fool! Get into your monkey skin, we'll soon be there."

Cuthbert reddened in the gloom and struggled into the horribly realistic-looking outfit, glad of the opportunity of pulling the monkey face down over his own to conceal his embarrassment. This was not exactly the sort of uniform he had expected to wear as a waiter. And he felt sure the other two monkeys were still laughing at him.

"Stick with me," said Mr. Hands. "These fancy-dress turnouts are a lot of fun. All we do is serve the food and drinks to the tables. I'll show you when we get there."

He started giving Cuthbert a few instructions, but Cuthbert's mind was wandering. The other two monkeys had begun to chatter. With a start he suddenly realised that they were girls.

"Yeah," said Mr. Hands, impatiently, "I like to bring girls out on these jobs. They like it. Especially at fancy-dress parties." He leaned very close to Cuthbert and whispered very softly, "We don't do more work than we have to and we have a lot of fun."

"Don't we, honeybunch?" he suddenly poked one of the other monkeys in the midriff, and there was a stifled giggle.

Then a girl's voice said, "Remember now, Mr. Hands, you're almost a married man."

"Oh, what the heck?" snapped Mr. Hands. "Don't be so hard to get on with, Gloria. You weren't thinking of that last night."

"That was different. Everybody was so merry."

Cuthbert wanted to go home. He suddenly felt that he didn't like Mr. Hands.

"I feel sick," he lied, "I think I'll get out."

"Rot!" said Mr. Hands. "We're nearly there now. I'm going on holidays after tonight. Be away for a month, so you can have a lazy time till I get back. Then we'll—er—talk about building up the business. I'm going away to the seaside. Caught a lovely little bit of fluff that's just in the money. Too good to miss. Gave her the usual line, and presto, let's get married, she says. Why not? You only live once. See how it goes for a while, anyhow."

"I bet it won't last any longer than last time." It was Gloria's voice again from the gloom, and she sounded bitter. The other girl laughed. Mr. Hands muttered something Cuthbert couldn't hear. It made Gloria angry.

"Don't you speak to me like that, or next time you come moaning back to me it won't be so easy," she said darkly.

Cuthbert disliked Mr. Hands even more. But right then he had greater worries. The utility had pulled up, and he suddenly found that the place to which he had come to wait on tables was none other than the headquarters of the Younger Bloods Club, of which he was a patron.

"**V**ERONICA'S just arrived and she's crying," said Trixie Lanagan with concern. "She just told me that Paul wasn't keen about her coming along tonight and made her promise to stay at home, but she didn't want to let us down, and now she's upset in case he finds out."

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# have you a problem?



In this column Elizabeth Wyse answers problems that concern your personal happiness or the running of your home. All communications are confidential. Name and address should be furnished as a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication. Replies are published to help those with similar worries. Address letters to Elizabeth Wyse, c/o New Idea, Box 777 H, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.I., Victoria.

MRS. H. H. D., who lives in a country town not far from Melbourne, writes:

"The doctor has ordered me to rest for some time and I have not been able to secure permanent help. There is only my husband besides myself, and my house is very easy to keep clean. The three front rooms are carpeted, also hall and passage, and I have a vacuum cleaner, so that the work is only light. I am allowed to get up and have a hot shower, then stay in bed until about 3 p.m., then I sit by the fire until about 9. So I don't need very much attention.

"I really want a nice woman to be a friend and companion to me (she would be treated as such), and to take over my work. We could pay her, say, £2 a week."

Mrs. D. has had relatives staying with her and helping her out, and they have enjoyed it, but, of course, all have their own lives to live and their own responsibilities. Mrs. D. adds that they have lovely log fires and the climate is very healthy.

It seems like a comfortable home for some woman who needs a job and companionship, and as Mrs. D. says, the work should not be too hard.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, I felt that we could not attempt to help in these practical matters, but we have received so much in the way of offers of help from readers that I feel we can at least try to get some help for Mrs. D.

I have written to her to ask if she would consider taking a mother with one child, or whether she wants someone near her own age, whether the job is likely to be merely temporary, and so on. If there are any offers, I'll gladly send them on.

A letter from Mrs. G. from South Australia asks for information about a very personal matter. Actually this sort of question, I feel, is best answered by a medical man, but I have given Mrs. G. the benefit of my advice and my knowledge of the matter from what I might call a scientific point of view.

I don't in the least mind, as I have tried to make plain before, being asked any kind of question about any matter which worries anybody of any age. It is my job to try to help people by giving my point of view on any of their problems or by giving information about any matter which comes within my scope. Not only is it my job (for which I am paid, of course), but I have found it is a source of pleasure and satisfaction to hold out a friendly hand and know that, in some small measure at least, help has been given.

But sometimes the best I can do is point out that there are people quali-

fied to answer particular questions far more fully or satisfactorily than I am able to. However, I can at least point out the right source to seek information.

It does rather astonish me that people do not naturally go to their doctors for information about matters that affect them and their families. I suppose the family doctor may not today hold the place in the community that he once held. It is a pity. A good doctor, keen on his profession and aware of his responsibilities, has an almost intuitive understanding of the ills the human mind is heir to, as well as of the weaknesses of the flesh. More than half the secret of his success lies always in being able to put the mind at rest. He should be trusted and respected and worthy of any confidences. If people do not today naturally go to their doctors for information and advice, it is not always the doctor's fault by any means.

I have advised Mrs. G. to seek expert advice from a gynaecologist, and if necessary to ask her family doctor to recommend one who would be sympathetic to her needs.

Mrs. D. M. has written to me for the second time. She was one of the women who offered to take in a young mother-to-be. She now sends me addresses of various organisations in Adelaide where such girls can seek

help. These I have on file for future reference.

I cannot make up my mind, at the present moment, whether it is wise to try to take a hand in the adoption problem. It is such a temptation to try to help women in distress, particularly because of the coming child, and it is an equal temptation to try to find babies for those women who want them so badly.

My efforts up-to-date may not have been useless. I feel that we certainly have helped some prospective mothers just by expressing a desire to help. Possibly our help at a bad period had something to do with the final decision of one young girl to marry. But I can't help thinking of the disappointment of the women who look forward so much to having a child to adopt and then are disappointed.

They tell me they are used to these disappointments, but that doesn't make it any easier for me to feel I may try to offer them something and fail to bring it about.

I have another letter this week from a married woman separated from her husband and about to have a child in December. This is the second letter of this kind within the last two or three weeks. I have placed one case before the disappointed young couple, and they wish to help. Now the second mother (also with a boy of 10 years) asks if I can tell her how she may have the child adopted, because she could not bear to have it placed in an orphanage.

I have assured her she will have no trouble in having the child adopted, but I wonder if she is perfectly sure that she can part with it. In cases of this sort, I have no hesitation in saying that I think the mothers should give up the child for its own good. Mrs. P. already has the boy to support and finds it hard enough to keep him and herself. She is, of course, desperately worried and distressed, and does not know where to turn.

The Child Welfare Department will take over the care of the child, place it in one of their baby homes, and see that it is adopted into a good home eventually. I wonder if it would be

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## Cheerful— and charming?

*Of course she is!*

She knows her cheerfulness and charm depend on fitness, and doesn't leave her fitness to chance. She guards against the sick headaches and digestive upsets that constipation can so easily cause. How? That's her secret, but—confidentially—she takes Beecham's Pills.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/.

Wise woman—she takes



# Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Jill said deliberately,  
"If you knew how I  
despise you!"



Ralph stepped out of the car, taller than she had remembered, better-looking, with all the old reckless light in his eyes. He closed the car door, stood quite still for a moment, and then began to smile.

"Jill! What a long time I've had to wait for this!"

Her face was white, controlled, unbetraying. He couldn't guess the supreme effort it cost to raise her eyes to his and meet that unabashed and ever triumphant smile.

She said in a colorless voice: "I'm here for one reason only. Doreen."

His smile deepened slowly. "Put it that way if you like." He laid a hand under her elbow. "Come along! We're dining at the Planet."

Rigid under the touch of his hand, Jill said sharply: "No. All I have to say can be said here and now in two minutes. You've got to stop seeing Doreen. There's nothing but unhappiness in it for her, and I won't stand by and see. . . ."

"Look," Ralph interrupted. "We're not going to discuss your precious sister in the middle of the street. We'll talk it over my way or not at all." He was still smiling, but his voice was hard.

Jill stood silent for a moment, thinking fast. Then with an angry little movement she threw off his hand and began to walk rapidly down the street beside him, her heels clicking sharply on the pavement.

The Planet . . . That brought memories. He had the effrontery to reserve a table, the one he always preferred, close to the orchestra on its ferny dais yet sufficiently screened for privacy. As they threaded a way towards it through the hum of talk and laughter, the clink of glass and silver, the swelling undertone of music, Jill read under the waiter's deference that touch of irony which had always given her the pricking humiliation of wondering how many girls Ralph had brought here before her.

The waiter today was new to her—but the manner was the same. But Ralph would never understand that over-lavish tipping did not win respect.

The waiter gave Jill rather an odd look, half recognition, and it occurred to her that Doreen must have been

# Heart Deep

## Chapter 5

**F**OR the rest of the day she was booked "up to the eyebrows"—not a moment's leisure in which to wonder what inroads that new outfit had made on Ilona's bank balance, or to think of her own meeting with Ralph Crawdon towards which the hours marched up so inexorably. . . .

As she left the salon she was nerving herself for that meeting. She fixed her thoughts on Hugh and Doreen and the way Ralph had come between them, turning Doreen into a silly, frivolous little doll, and offering for the clear-eyed happiness she had once known

nothing but suspense, taut nerves, the intoxication of a stolen moment whenever it was his whim. . . .

When she thought of Doreen, she was on fire with bitter resolution. But now, as she came out of the salon, slowly drawing on her gloves, and obliquely crossed the street to where the silver-grey sports car was parked, her resolution was lost in a sick, unreasoning panic.

Once she had gone to meet him with fast beating heart, thrilled at his voice, all her being had swum with longing at the caress in his eyes. The memory of that bitter-sweet and precarious happiness was with her still. She should never have come to this meeting.

here many times; the resemblance between them was striking enough to be commented on when they went anywhere together, and no doubt it had struck the waiter at once.

Somehow this very thought made it seem fantastic that she should be here with Ralph at all. She had no appetite and there was a tight feeling in her throat which made even swallowing difficult.

The humiliation of it galled her—and Ralph was smilingly aware of it, as one course succeeded another until at last the coffee was served. Then he leaned suddenly across and said softly:

"Jill, did you really think we could kiss and part? Did you really think



you could walk out of my life—just like that?"

"It was the wisest thing I ever did."

"Yet here we are—back again."

Jill fought for self-control. "Won't you understand? It's only for Doreen's sake that I'm here."

"Oh, Doreen!" he said impatiently. "She's a sweet kid—but you know perfectly well that there's only one thing about her that appeals to me. *She looks like you.* So like you sometimes, in spite of all that stagey make-up and perfume and stupid, little-girl tempers, that there are moments when I can pretend it's you. A poor illusion, but if you cheat me of the reality. . . ."

Jill breathed: "You could be so vile?"

"Some women would find it flattering."

"Flattering!"

His smile exultant now, he quoted softly: "I have been faithful to you in my fashion. . . . You have only to say the word, Jill my sweet, and I'll give Doreen the air tomorrow."

Jill said deliberately: "If you knew how I despise you!" In this moment she saw him exactly as he was and knew that not a ghost of feeling remained for all she had once felt for him. He meant less than nothing to her now, less than the salt sea. And the curling lip, the flashing eye, told him so even more plainly than her bitter words.

"I would do a great deal for Doreen's happiness, and I shall not stand by and watch you ruin her life. Once she knows you for what you are. . . ."

There was a little diversion as the head waiter ushered three late diners to a table at the centre of the crowded restaurant. Jill recognized the portly figure of the Medical Officer of Health of the town; the dignified woman in black would be his wife; with them was a younger man of military bearing, square-shouldered, his dinner jacket impeccable in its cut. It was Neil Harding.

In the moment of recognition his glance leapt the intervening tables and met hers; it flickered over Ralph, and, with a sinking of the heart, Jill guessed at the conclusion he was drawing. She thought she had never seen him look so grim. He gave her the curtest of bows and sat down with his broad back uncompromisingly turned to her.

In a voice of ice, but with despair at her heart, Jill said: "You'll never know just how bitterly I regret meeting you tonight."

That bitter regret went home with her. Something else, too. A fierce, protective tenderness for her young sister. When Doreen learnt the truth about Ralph, it would shake her faith in human nature, in life itself—but it had to be faced.

**W**HEN she reached home her father was just seeing the Vicar off at the gate.

"I've had Kant and Hegel rammed down my throat all the evening," he grumbled good-naturedly as he paused to light his pipe and then walked with Jill back towards the house.

"Not my idea of an exciting evening," Jill confessed.

"Ah, but he really brought some exciting news. A farmer up at Sled Syke has turned up quite a treasure of Roman coins and pottery, which confirms what I have always said about the old Roman road passing that way.

**A** Who knows what further discoveries

we shall make? Remarkable, most remarkable!"

At this moment, with her own heart in a turmoil of unrest, it seemed to Jill fantastic that her father's thoughts should be a thousand years away; that the garden itself should lie in a trance of summer peace, with its beech-hedge and sundial, its spiky old-fashioned flowers—delphiniums, red-hot pokers and tiger lilies, and the heavy fragrance of night-scented stock rising into the still air.

She said abruptly: "I'm terribly worried about Doreen."

"Doreen?" He brought his thoughts back with an effort from the glories of ancient Rome. "She's growing up fast," he said with a vague, half-regretful smile. "I know she's going through a difficult, rebellious stage—but all girls do."

"She's breaking her heart," said Jill.

Her father removed the pipe from his mouth and patted her hand. He said indulgently: "Aren't we being just a trifle melodramatic? I've no doubt

## SYNOPSIS

Immersed in her work as a beauty culturist, JILL VERNEY is able to forget her unhappy affair with suave RALPH CRAWDON, and tries to help her young sister, DOREEN, who is breaking her heart over a secret romance. Jill, however, finds it impossible to pry into Doreen's affairs, and just as difficult to help ILONA JEFFERIES, the nervous, apathetic niece of one of her clients. On one of Jill's regular visits to Wood Hall, however, she shows Ilona the way to improve her neglected appearance, and is rewarded by the girl's new beauty, and her awakening interest in life. It also gives Jill an opportunity of proving to Dr. NEIL HARDING that her profession is not entirely worthless, but feels a stab of jealousy when she sees the interest the young doctor takes in this new and fascinating Ilona. Her own affairs, however, are soon forgotten when, answering a telephone call to Doreen, she finds that her sister is entangled with Ralph Crawdon. Jill tells him he must stop seeing Doreen, and makes an appointment to meet him, hoping she will be able to save her sister further unhappiness.

an attractive little puss like Doreen has half a dozen boy-friends; but she's a sensible girl and won't break her heart over any of them."

"It isn't that way with Doreen. Oh, if only you could see. . . . She has thrown Hugh Grantley over for a man who is utterly worthless; but how can I make her understand that he doesn't mean anything serious at all, that it can only bring terrible unhappiness?"

"If you're a wise girl, you won't try. Come now, you're tired, overwrought. Doreen is perfectly capable of looking after herself. As for breaking her heart—she has been singing about the house all day, and this evening she has gone to see her spaniel puppy in its new home. It seems the little chap was fretting for her. . . . We'll go in before the midges start biting and see what

Mrs. Hammond has for supper, shall we?"

With an air of relief he went back to the discovery of the Roman coins at Sled Syke.

Jill thought despairingly: "It's useless; poor darling, he has looked into the past too long."

She would have to tackle Doreen without his support.

But when Doreen got home she put her head round the door to say good-night and went straight up to bed. Jill, gathering up all her resolution, tapped at the door a few moments later and was told by a sleepy and petulant voice to go away.

"Doreen, it's urgent. . . . There's something I just have to talk over with you."

A prodigious yawn. "Nothing's urgent when you're as sleepy as I am. Look, I walked over two miles to see that puppy."

Jill rattled the doorknob. "This can't wait."

"It'll have to. . . . so you needn't get all steamed up about it. Have a heart, Jill." She pulled the bedclothes over her head, and Jill slowly crossed the landing to her own room.

Afterwards she knew she should have persisted. She shouldn't have let night fall on her meeting with Ralph without giving Doreen her own plain, unadorned account of it; because what happened was that for the next few days she scarcely saw Doreen at all except for a hasty moment at breakfast with her father and Mrs. Hammond present.

At the salon this was the busiest time of the year, excepting only Christmas. It seemed that every client who came along for a holiday hair-do needed to consult Jill also—for one it was a lesson in applying waterproof beach make-up, for another the secret of a glamorous sun-tan without frizzling yourself to a cinder, or perhaps how to achieve band-box perfection and happy feet for a smart dinner-dance at night after hiking over hill and dale all day.

Sometimes, after sharing in all these exciting plans, Jill would feel that without stirring from her cubicle she had travelled hundreds of miles—cruised in the Mediterranean, climbed the Alps, lazed away languorous summer days at a smart seaside hotel.

"And I suppose that's as near as I shall ever get to doing these things," she thought with a little sigh, as she sat at her dressing-table one night, relaxing after the long strain of the day.

What was it Neil Harding had called her life at the beauty salon?—"glamor, unreality." The eyes that looked back into hers in the mirror were tired and a little wistful. The way she looked at her work it meant giving a lot of happiness and sharing it, too; and surely that was worth having if romance passed you by. . . .

Her door opened suddenly and Doreen stood on the threshold, shaking with anger and hurt pride.

"I've seen Ralph. He told me how you rang him up—on the strength of a very slight acquaintance you used to have—and tried to cut me out with him. I suppose you think that's smart—but it seems to me just about the meanest trick in the world."

Jill said, aghast: "He told you that—and you actually believed it?"

"I'd believe anything now. I suppose you'll deny that you went sneaking to him. . . . Oh, I hate you!" All the sophistication was gone; it was a

[Please turn to page 30]



# SNAKES AT HOME

By ELIZABETH DUART



Four feet seven inches of black banded snake, very much alive.

**T**HE Man came in to breakfast. "Snake in the underground tank," he remarked, reaching for the pepper. "No, I can't get it out," he replied to my agitated queries.

Then, as I lifted the family .22 from the rack: "Yes, go on, shoot it. The thing'll sink and we'll drink snake soup for the next six months."

That tank is our sole supply.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I challenged.

"Dunno," the brute grunted, and went calmly on with his meal.

After breakfast he sat out a pipeful of tobacco while the great brain rumbled and clicked. Ten minutes later he and the children were very busy near the tank with an old fence post and a coil of rope.

Tying the rope to the post, he lowered the latter into the tank until its lower end dipped into the water, the frightened snake meanwhile whipping away in flashing curves through the cool water.

"Fishing!" he confided with a grin.

The children were shooed off and all noise in the vicinity of the tank was barred. The man went on silent watch with pipe and rifle.

"Ought to have a bite now," he muttered presently, and peered into the tank. Next moment he was hauling up the rope. I caught a glimpse of a scaly belly under the split bark as the post swayed up—perilously close to the Man's leg. An instant later the post was flung out on the flat. A surprised and indignant brown snake poured out, the .22 cracked.

"Ophidian psychology," the Man grinned. "Very difficult."

That was in earliest Spring. A week later the untidy darkness of the cellar was made more interesting by two very lively browns that rustled away behind packing cases and junk until, after a brisk hunt, they were accounted for.

Our house is on a barren, treeless flat. Unfortunately, only half a mile away there is a swamp that almost seethes with snakes. We apparently get the surplus population.

Most of the snakes are the ordinary brown species *demansia textilis*, lean, nervous things, ranging in color from a light yellowish tint to almost black. Many of them are spotted with odd black scales and incomplete bars.

But in the swamp also is a larger, stouter and fiercer snake, the broad-nosed brown snake *demansia nuchalis*. I well remember one that the Man brought home, alive but with a broken back. Not wishing to damage its skin—he collects for a Museum—he put the viciously striking brute in an old iron tank to die.

In the morning four feet seven inches of black-banded length was still very much alive and struck at anything that came near. It was finally drowned, a loathsome and dangerous job.

So much for the snakes-die-at-sunset belief. Incidentally, a snake hit once over the heart dies almost immediately. Try it sometime.

Our next alarm came at dusk. The Man was varnishing a new bookshelf under the verandah in the warm dusk when he heard a characteristic slithering in the pipe that passes from the roof across to the underground tank.

That pipe came down, rapidly and unceremoniously, while I stood by with the trusty .22. Seizing the pipe with one end low to the ground, the Man shook it hard.

Agitated slitherings within. Another hard shaking. More slithering. A perfect tornado of shaking. And out poured, not the expected brown, but a large-headed, thick bodied, yellow-bellied reptile.

Luckily there was a low bush beside the pipe, otherwise it would almost certainly have attacked. It was that kind of snake. A bullet slowed it, but, fighting savagely, it had to be pinned down before we could secure it and drop it into a drum of alcohol.

In the morning it proved to be a striking olive green color above, each scale having a dark margin. Contracted because of the alcohol, it still measured four feet six inches. Even the Man Himself had never seen this snake before—although I am sure he has poked into every bush in the swamp.

It seems to be very rare, at least round here, and has no popular (or the reverse) name *pseudechis australis*. Personally I always refer to it as "That Brute." It is a close relation of the red-bellied black, and has a very bad reputation.

This snake was full of fledgling sparrows that it had found in a nest in the pipe—incidentally ridding us of more pests.

A brown snake killed previously near the house had five young mice inside. And a whip snake (*demansia psammophis*)—another greenish snake with dark-margined scales, at least in this district, and with an orange-colored head, neck and tail—contained a zoo of garden pests, mostly grubs and beetles, plus an unfortunate small lizard.

A little 18-inch *Denisonia*, a pretty and practically harmless relation of the dangerous copperhead, was found by the Man trying to swallow a dragon lizard half a dozen times as stout as itself. Unfortunately there was no time

to watch the contest, and it still remains one of those unfinished stories.

By this time, with two young children running about, I was seeing snakes everywhere. And then the Man had to go away for a week. He had been gone five hours when I came out to find Six-years sitting quietly on the verandah, a most unnatural state for that active youngster.

"A snake struck at me about ten minutes ago, Mummy," he said casually, as if reporting a beetle in his bath.

It turned out that he had bent over a bush to find a rustling lizard. The lizard came out—closely followed by a brown snake. The snake, baffled by Sonny, struck hurriedly, as browns often do, and missed.

Asked why he had not called me: "I could hear the typewriter going, Mummy, and couldn't disturb you then."

Such are the sons of paragraphists.

But the snake had got away under a detached wood and iron room next to the wash house. And the rest of the week was a nightmare. Six-years was careful—except when he forgot: about 40 times a day. His three-year-old sister, bare-legged, too, was too young to be cautious, and too active to be kept inside indefinitely.

The neighbors, if there had been any within miles, would certainly have posted as mad a woman who, under a boiling sun, made inexpert shovellings at the feed that grew in the gutters near the house, and who kept close handy a rifle ready for instant use.

The end came rather tamely (for which I thanked the gods that be). The brute appeared in the front garden and was promptly shot. A very relieved woman looked forward to the Man's return next day, almost bursting to tell someone.

The Man came home. "Wait a bit," he said, meanly stemming the verbal tide. With that he pulled out a milk tin from his gear, marched over to his den, brought out a glass-walled cage

[Please turn to page 27]



With two young children running about I was seeing snakes everywhere.



# The Editor to You



**L**AST week I had something to say about the lost art of letter-writing. Since then, as if to emphasise another lost art, that of handwriting, we have received a couple of paragraphs so execrably written that it has been well-nigh impossible to decipher them. One of them was from a University student who ought to know better.

Why is it that supposedly intelligent people pay so little attention to handwriting in these times? Isn't it taught any more? Have the days of pothooks and hangers disappeared completely, never to return? Is the fashioning of copperplate writing never indulged in now? Is it "smart" to have a signature that nobody can decipher?

In my young days we started off with pothooks and hangers which had a shape something like a shepherd's crook. The pothooks had the crook at the bottom; the hangers had it at the top. The idea presumably was to start a child off with the simplest forms of script. After these came copperplate writing, very laboriously done, of course, and not by any means real copperplate. It taught a youngster how to form letters properly, and was regarded as being very important.

All subsequent writing was based on copperplate. Character came into it later on, but all people who learnt to write that way could always go back to copperplate of a kind. Often the writing was not very good, but it was easily decipherable.

I may be wrong, but am inclined to the belief that interest in good handwriting began to wane as the use of the typewriter increased. As a youth in an office I was assigned the task of writing out certain documents of much importance, because I was able to write fairly good copperplate, in which some portions of the documents had to be written. Always interested in good handwriting, I was happy in this work, and strove hard to make the documents beautiful.

Perhaps, to see my writing today, you would wonder that I ever had such a job; but at a pinch I could go back to copperplate again, and when I put pen to paper even now, I always think of the person who will have to read what I write, and so endeavor to make it as plain as possible. Absence of this thought in people may possibly account for the slovenly writing habits that afflict some people.

There is another side to it that springs from the vanity of human beings. I often think that business magnates deliberately distort their signature in an effort to be "different." Truly great men, of course, don't have to resort to such practices, but the little men who aspire greatly may often feel that the possession of an indecipherable signature that excites comment may have value as an ego-booster.

Frankly I think that really bad writing is ill-mannered. It reveals poor appreciation of the person written to and

a carelessness that ought never to infect an intelligent person. If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. The fine things of life are always those that are well done. A slummed job is anathema, and so is slummed writing.

There has been a reminder this week of the innate kindness of people. Mrs. I. Godfrey wanted a recipe as hers was lost in the New South Wales floods. We all know what great damage has been done in the flood areas, and there was a sympathetic response to the request. At the time of writing to us to express her thanks, Mrs. Godfrey had received some 40 letters or recipes, and they were still coming in. She is replying to them as fast as she can, but asks us to thank

all those readers, who responded to the call, for their kind thoughts.

It does me good to learn of these things and to know that there is so much kindness in the world.

I had another letter this week from a man in England who is a confirmed collector of cigarette cards, and wants some Australian ones to add to his collection. I shall have to write and tell him that there have been no cigarette cards in Australia for a very long time. At the same time, if anybody here has a surplus collection of Australian cards from the days when such were plentiful, and would like to make some exchanges, the writer is W. J. M. Guyton, 5 Birchwood Rd., West Byfleet, Surrey, England.

Another reader, pleased at getting some paragraphs through, and remembering that I had once lived in Western Australia, sent over a few large everlasting to remind me of the days when I saw them in carpets among the green grass. It was a nice thought, and one that was appreciated. I think I mentioned some time ago that the word "everlasting" was a misnomer, because the flowers did not last very long. I am informed that if they are picked they will keep indefinitely. Certainly those I received show no signs of breaking up.

## The Editor

### The Perfect DIGESTIVE BISCUIT





It's true! One-quarter of the weight of each Nu-Trola biscuit is pure butter. Generous quantities of fresh creamery butter make Nu-Trola biscuits extra delicious and full of nourishment. From the first melting mouthful to the last crisp crumb Nu-Trola biscuits have quality you can really TASTE!

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Oven-crisp BISCUITS baked by

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B159-12



# FINDERS KEEPERS

By **FREDRIC CHAFFER**

**I**T all started when Bill Jefferson picked up a diamond ring that was lying on the pavement outside his hotel. Then, the next thing that happened, somebody rapped on his door at nine o'clock the following morning and a flashily dressed woman with a double chin and a hard expression said without preamble:

"I've come about the ring that you advertised. Where did you find it, young man?"

"Outside," said Bill. "On the pavement."

"Humph!" she snorted. "I told Clarence all along that I must have lost it when I called here yesterday. Thank goodness somebody had the sense to pick it up."

"M'mm," agreed Bill modestly. He took the ring out of a collar box on top of the dressing table. "Er—is this what you're talking about?"

"Why, yes!" exclaimed the visitor. Her eyes lit up. "That's my ring! Thank you very much, young man—"

"Oh, that's all right," said Bill.

"I really should reward you for this," she added as she popped the ring into her bag and clicked the catch tight.

"Nonsense," said Bill with a polite yawn. "Glad to be of some assistance." Then he opened the door and she said "Thank you!" and walked briskly towards the elevator.

Ten minutes later somebody rapped imperiously again.

"Oh, heck!" mumbled Bill indolently. "Come in." Then he looked up and blinked. She had blue eyes and a dimple in her cheek and a figure.

"C-can I be of some assistance?" stammered Bill.

"Yes!" was the crisp reply. "I've come about my ring."

Bill sat upright. "There must be some mistake—"

"How could there be?" Claire Adams shrugged her shoulders. "It was right outside the hotel here that Charles—er—that is, my fiancé, left me after we'd been to the jeweller's. If you'd care to speak to the doorman he may remember the car pulling up."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Bill. He cleared his throat. "You see—"

"I can easily identify the ring," she interrupted him a little coldly. "It has three small stones and inside the band you'll find C.A. engraved."

"Great Scot!" groaned Bill. "Then the woman must have been an imposter."



"Needless to say, you wouldn't have the faintest idea who inserted this advertisement in the Lost and Found column?"

"What woman?"

"The woman I gave your ring to?"

Claire Adams looked at him speechlessly. "Do you mean you—you actually gave my ring to somebody else?"

Bill nodded unhappily.

"What was her name?"

"I don't know."

"Did she say where she lost the ring?"

"No," said Bill.

"Did she identify it for you?"

"No."

"Did she try it on?"

"No," said Bill.

"In other words," Claire Adams swept scornfully, "you let a perfect stranger walk in here and then walk out again with an expensive diamond engagement ring and you don't even take the elementary precaution of finding out her name!"

Bill gazed at the carpet in silence for several painful seconds. Then all of a sudden he looked up and said:

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go!"

"I suppose you realise," said Claire, "that anybody who is smart enough to

get away with a trick like that is hardly likely to be waiting down in the lobby for us."

"Don't worry," Bill answered resolutely. "I have an idea." To the lift-driver he said:

"Did you see a fat woman a few minutes ago? A fat woman wearing a green dress and a silly hat with a feather in it?"

"That's funny." The driver looked thoughtful. "I remember bringing her up all right, but I'll be hanged if I can remember taking her down again."

"Elementary," beamed Bill. "Either she's staying in the hotel the same as us or she went down the stairway to throw us off the scent."

"An amazing deduction," agreed Claire. "Now what do we do?"

"See if the doorman remembers her going out."

**A**ND who ever heard of an Irishman," grinned Michael O'Shane, "without an eye for a touch of green? Sure, I remember her"—he pointed—"she went that way."



"I have a car parked just around the corner," said Bill to Claire. "Hold everything!"

He brought a small roadster around to the kerb a few seconds later and Claire Adams got in with a rather dubious expression.

"Now you watch one side of the road," he said sharply, "and I'll watch the other. Every time you see a feather sticking up you can nudge me in the ribs."

"On a rough estimate," mused Claire, "I suppose there are about two hundred streets in this city and about a million people passing up and down them."

"In that case," Bill said darkly, "the sooner we start the better."

The number of feathers that may be seen bobbing along the thoroughfares of a great city while not astronomical is at least sufficient to discourage all but the stoutest of men. Trying to glimpse the faces of their owners while steering a car through a busy intersection, answering the crushing remarks of a beautiful girl and still keeping an eye on a traffic light is a task only for the immortals.

By 10.30, all Bill had managed to do was run over a policeman's foot, put a dent in somebody else's bumper bars and fall in love with Claire Adams.

"If you don't mind," she said at last in a frosty voice, "I think this farce has gone far enough. Would you be so kind as to drive me back to the hotel?"

"Can't understand it," Bill said dolefully, as he swung the car round. "I was so positive we were going to find her."

They rode for five minutes in a bleak silence. Then the hotel came into view once more and Bill cleared his throat. "Perhaps—" he began.

"Hush!" said Claire in a horrified voice. "Oh, my gosh!" He was suddenly conscious that she was staring at a young man in a well-cut suit who was standing outside the lobby. "Whatever am I going to say?"

"What's the matter?"

"That's Charles!"

The car braked at the curb and a young man with a red face and furrow in his brow strode forth purposefully. He cleared his throat and said in a horrified voice:

"Claire!"

"Oh!" she said weakly. "It's you, Charles. I'm awfully sorry I've kept you waiting but it was quite unavoidable. You see—"

"Yes?"

Claire Adams looked sideways at Bill and swallowed in her throat.

"Well, the fact is—"

"Go on."

"She lost her engagement ring," Bill said helpfully.

The young man with the red face looked at him closely for the first time and his expression was not a particularly inviting one.

"I'm Bill Jefferson," Bill said unperturbed. "I found it outside the hotel yesterday and now we're looking for a fat woman with a green dress and a feather in her hat."

"I beg your pardon!" said Charles incredulously.

"Oh, don't bother," sighed Claire. "I'll explain everything." Then she recounted the morning's adventures in a few brief words while Bill toyed with the wheel and Charles listened with a black brow.

"And do you mean to tell me," he spluttered at the end of the recital, "that he let a perfect stranger—"

"Oh, don't let's go over all that again!" said Claire. "The thing now is to do

something about it." She looked at Charles. "What do you suggest?"

"The police of course!" said Charles.

"A good idea," agreed Bill.

"Then it's a pity you didn't go there in the first place," mumbled Charles as he opened the door for Claire. "All this shilly-shallying in search of a feather!"

They stood on the pavement for an awkward second or two. Then Charles mopped his red face with a handkerchief and said in a brusque voice:

"Well, there's plenty to be done, my dear. I don't think we need detain Mr. Jefferson any longer."

"Where are we going?" asked Claire.

"To the nearest police station of course."

"In that case we'll need Mr. Jefferson's services right away."

"What on earth for?" asked Charles.

"Material witness," she answered brightly.

Then Charles looked at her open-mouthed and Bill opened the door again with a smug expression

"YOU can travel in the dicky, old man," he said with a lofty expression. "Anyway, it's not very far." "How far?" scowled Charles.

"About five blocks."

Then he released the hand-brake and the sudden roar of the motor was just sufficient to drown Charles's expletive as he cracked his knee climbing over the rear mudguard.

"A most unpleasant character," whispered Bill to Claire as they swung out into the stream of traffic.

Claire looked at him sideways.

"When I want your opinion about my future husband," she said frostily, "I'll ask for it."

Bill shrugged and changed gears.

"I was only thinking of Junior," he said.

"Junior?" she said blankly.

"Reform school," he smiled as he steered past a cumbersome vegetable lorry. "They'll probably sentence him to five years to begin with you know and—"

"Oh, you idiot!" Claire interrupted him; and then, "How much further?" yelled Charles from the dicky seat.

Bill shoved his hand out in reply and the car turned down a cross road. "It's at the other end of the street," he said cheerfully.

Claire greeted his ingenuous grin with a most discouraging expression.

[Please turn to page 26]



"Who ever heard of an Irishman without an eye for a touch of green? Sure I remember her."



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# The Stars and you

By HARI

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 23): Perhaps everything isn't as you would like it, but there's pleasure, moderate gains, good companionship available and behind-the-scenes present developments have future value. September 27 and 28, plan now, act later. October 1, 2 and 3, promises improvement.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Tricky, take precautions. Check the accuracy of rumors, scrutinise carefully any documents you sign, avoid situations likely to disrupt friendship or break off a romance. News, aid, encouragement provide welcome relief. September 29 and 30, be wary.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Get things moving now—don't be afraid to advance. Take practical steps to build up financial and personal well-being. Confident thinking and acting can take you far. September 27 and 28, decidedly fortunate; forge ahead. October 1, 2 and 3, routine best.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Unsettled, rather deceptive. Something

quite unexpected arises involving your career or family interests. Mark time warily. September 27 and 28, could be unlucky.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): New tactics, judiciously used for financial or business purposes, pay excellent dividends. Health improves. Gaiety, good will, co-operation make a nice showing in love, home or social activities. September 27, 28, October 1, 2 and 3, particularly pleasant.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): While the overall pattern of the future is improving, the need for continued caution is still emphasised. September 29 and 30, better for ending things than for beginning new ventures.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): Financial, partnership or domestic problems come in for more than their usual share of attention. Make changes, decisions now. You've more judgment and opportunity to find solutions acceptable to all concerned. September 27, 28, October 1 and 2, lucky dates.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Matters affecting your work and health are prominent. Home, social affairs good; if single, there's a hint of romance in the air. September 29 and 30, very fortunate.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Excellent for making any arrangements that may lead to a change in career; for improving your prospects in any new field; for travel, betrothal or a wedding. September 27, 28, 30, October 1, 2 and 3, highly auspicious; make these days count.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Could be risky. Discourage petty complaints. Say little and write with even greater caution. Leave no loop-holes for loss. September 27, consider the consequences. September 29 and 30, brighter times.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 23): Discloses an important turn in your affairs, and while much of the road's uphill there's prospect of wider horizons, increased earning power, happy solutions to existing problems. September 27 and 28, nice news, surprises. September 29 and 30, use care.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 22): Don't leap to conclusions. Though upsets threaten plans, depress health, spirits, make no moves unless you've counted the costs and are sure of satisfactory results. September 29 and 30, mainly favorable. October 1, 2 and 3, rain-bows vanish—be practical.

### BIRTHDAY FORECASTS

**September 27:** Rather difficult to make headway, but ill-timed or hasty moves could cause much unhappiness. Stick to that which you know and obstacles will be safely negotiated.

**September 28:** Grand for everything that concerns the personal side of life. Promises travel, gains, new enthusiasms, congenial companionship. Only risk—health, which needs care.

**September 29:** Profitable times. More money, less worry, greater prestige, improvement all round. Popularity, success, new ties which will prove exceedingly helpful in the future.

**September 30:** Perhaps one of the most unusual years you have for a long time experienced. Definite change in circumstances. Progress, particularly in things that really matter.

**October 1:** Looks like troublesome times nearby, but don't lose heart—new opportunities will be taken up and turn out well. Good for buying, selling; for travel or speculation.

**October 2:** Distinctly variable, but fortunate from many points of view. Career and finances are certainly satisfactory; health doubtful; sentimental relationships could become involved.

**October 3:** Prosperous conditions predominate, though those in middle life are the least favored. Valuable friendships or interests acquired. Marriages or births in the family.

## Doctors Prove the Palmolive plan

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*Lovelier skin in 14 days!*



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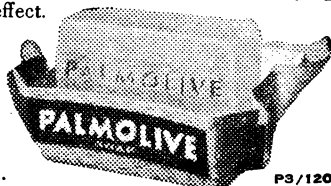
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Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



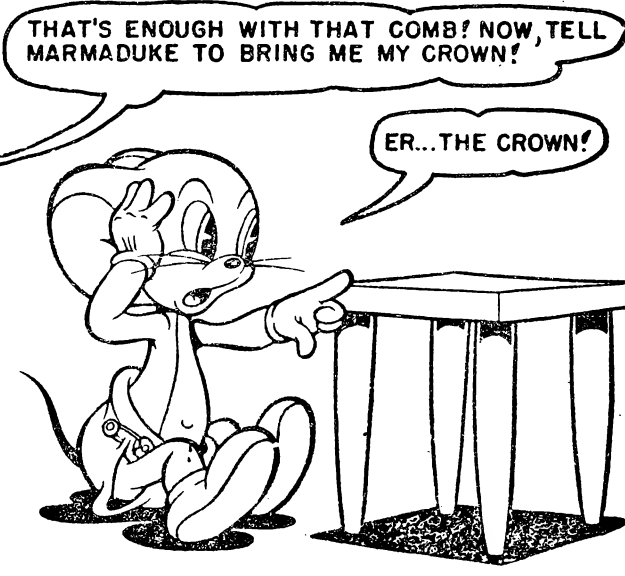
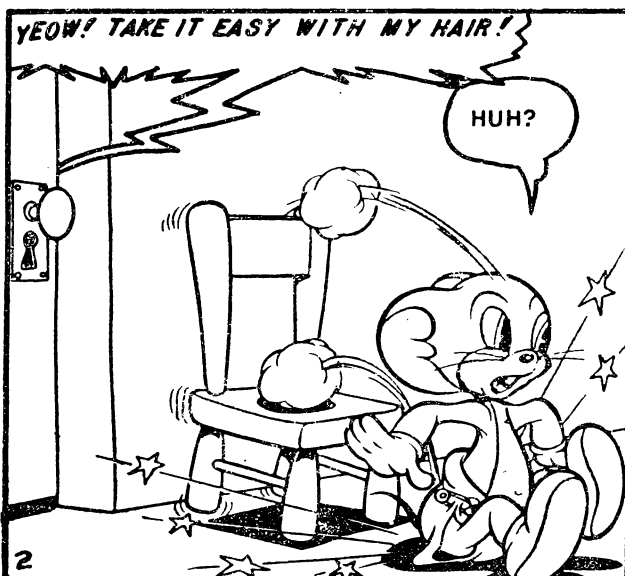
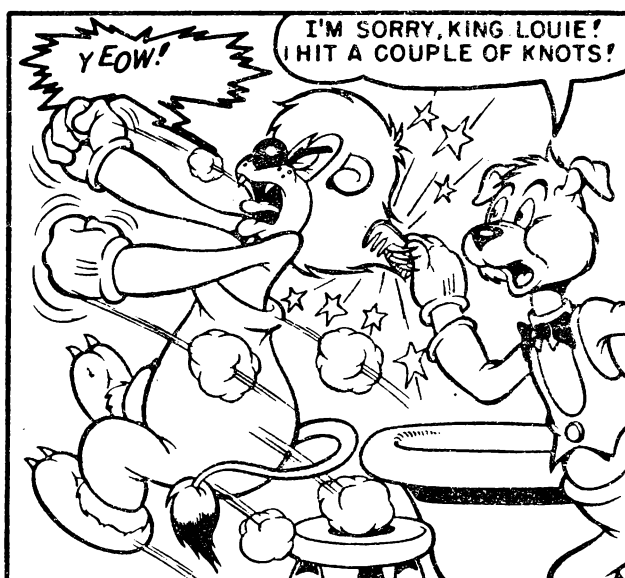
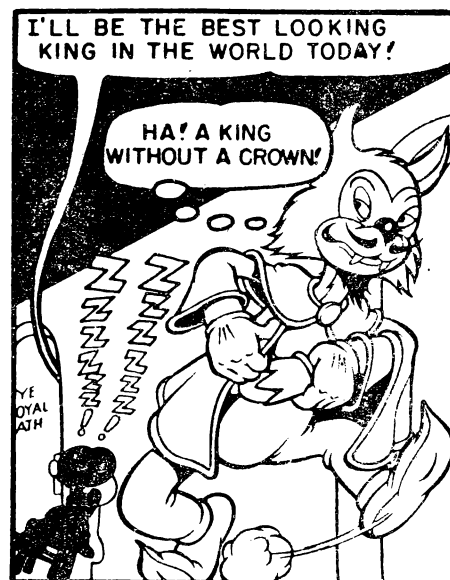
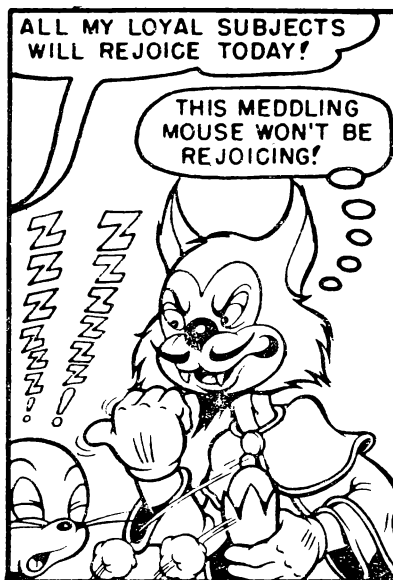
REGULAR SIZE 5d. BATH SIZE 7½d.

PS/120



# MARMADUKE MOUSE

This week we find King Louie, the comical lion, singing in the bathroom, because it is his birthday. Marmaduke Mouse is sitting outside, and is supposed to be guarding his crown. But we're afraid there's trouble ahead.





- A hot weather frock with its neckline cut low at the back and criss-cross self banding over the full skirt.

# Starred for style

Every woman has one dress that is the "star" of her wardrobe. Usually a simple frock, it is the one in which she always feels happy and comfortable.



- Bands print from from
- Comb attract blouse and c
- A sil bodice The b collar





of self fabric highlight this dress. Two bands extend neck to waist, and two more waist to under the hemline.

Some two colors for this softly fitted dress. The bodice is fitted, with the yoke, short sleeves, centre panel in a lighter shade.

Dark print frock with fitting bodice and side fullness in the skirt. Bodice has a softly draped double bodice and short batwing sleeves.

# Children's World

## Not Vicious

WHEN my small nephew came to town I took him shopping and in a big store he had his first glimpse of a child on a lead. Imagine my embarrassment when he approached the mother and solemnly asked: "Does your little boy bite, lady?"

In the tiny country town where he lives traffic is so light that children roam the few shops and the main street in safety. The only use he knew for leads was for dangerous dogs. —Xped. (Vic.)

☆

## Outside Wipe

MY two-year-old helps with the wiping up while I wash. I noticed that he wiped the insides of the saucepans very thoroughly, but completely neglected to dry the outside, so I remarked: "Don't forget to wipe outside too dear."

A little later I glanced round and found he'd disappeared, so I went in search of him. He was on the back verandah still diligently rubbing at the inside of the saucepan.

On seeing me he said: "I'm wiping outside now Mummy." —A.S. (N.S.W.)

☆

## Unsatisfied

FIRST day of the school year and five-year-old Robert came dejectedly past my gate. "How did you like school?" I asked.

"Gee," he replied mournfully, "it was just starting to get good when she said, 'Time to go home now.'" —No Tears. (Vic.)

☆

## Tough Dad

SEVEN years was helping Dad fix his bike and was told to ask Mum for a spanner. On being told she didn't know where it was, silence reigned for a few minutes, then Seven yelled:

"You had better start to look for it, he's getting awfully wild down here." —F.B.K. (Q.)

☆

## Nice, But—

JEAN has a new teacher. In answer to "What's she like?" she replied:

"She is nice but her face is very shabby." She meant wrinkled. —Pat. (N.S.W.)

☆

## Holiday Marriage

MASTER FIVE was all excitement on break-up day, but not because of the holiday to follow.

"My teacher is going to get married, but," he added quickly, "only for the holidays!" —Dibbyn. (N.S.W.)

☆

## Retaliation

VERY stout and florid of face, my sister's neighbor tells this one against herself:

She had just punished her small daughter for some misdeed, and Missie had retired in tears. Soon afterwards, she appeared at the door, and threatened, darkly:

"All right, now I'm going to draw you worse'n you are!" —Gibbers. (S.A.)

## Heartbeats

THIS conversation I overheard between my daughter and the neighbor's son:

Little boy: "The doctor was at school today."

Daughter, interestedly: "What did he do?"

Little boy, impatiently: "He put a telescope to your heart to see if it was beating, and if it wasn't, he sent you home." —Patnee. (Q.)

☆

## Chin Splinters

WAS busy removing the few "strays" from my chin with the aid of the tweezers when I heard a voice ask Littlest: "Where's Mummy dear?"

"She's busy getting all the splinters out of her chin; you know the ones like Daddy's whiskers," was the reply. —Beverley. (S.A.)

☆

## Within Biting Distance

JEFF was quite disgusted at my inability to find something which happened to be near at hand.

"Gee Mum," he said, "if you didn't have eyes you could look around and bite it." —Faye. (Vic.)

☆

## Bean Holders

NEXT Door's twin girls were playing house when one of the doll's legs came off. "Oh she's full of sawdust!" exclaimed one little girl. "I wonder what we are full of?"

"Beans," said the other. "I heard Mummy say so." —Beans. (Vic.)

☆

## Discarded

MY friend and I were playing bridge at a garden party when friend's Master Three approached.

"I leave some of meself under the big tree over there," he announced, designating a fig tree.

It was some time before we found out precisely which part of him it was. It turned out to be his shoes. —Olivestian. (Q.)

☆

## Mum's Voice

THIS joke is on me, who lives in Papua.

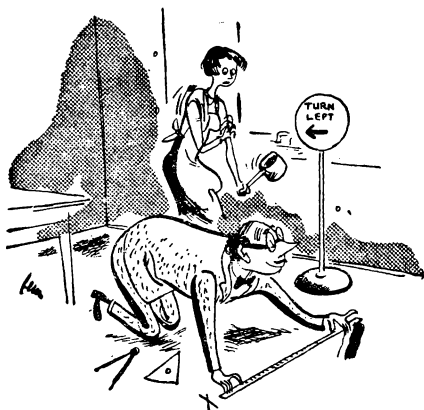
Family not behaving themselves as they should, and Mummy, not feeling quite up to scratch, was giving them a reprimand all round. Said Daddy to small daughter, in fun, "one of these days when Mummy is cross with us she will lose her voice and then she won't be able to growl at us!"

Believe it or not, next morning Mummy had lost her voice! On going out to the kitchen to tell the "boy" what was required for breakfast she could only talk to him in a very feeble whisper. The boy in true Papuan style —always very polite and willing to oblige— replied in a whisper, greatly to the amusement of small daughter, till it seemed to dawn on her that Mummy couldn't talk!

She quickly turned and dashed in to her Daddy demanding that he give Mummy back her voice and that he shouldn't have hidden Mummy's voice even if she was cross!

The native boys thought I had gone cookoo. —Kiri. (Papua.)





Women's preparations for cooking, too, have been the subject of much prolonged watching and measuring.

# WOMEN OR MICE?

By E. VIVIAN

**I**T is, admittedly, quite a few steps from my kitchen sink to the stove, but today I did them in record time. I had just finished an article written by one of those wonderful men who make a living by watching other people work—they call themselves "Movement Study Experts." It's nice work, if you can get it.

Sometimes I wonder how we women stand for all the nonsense men write about us. We are, of course, resigned to most of it. No doubt Adam was intensely annoyed with Eve when she recklessly used an extra fig-leaf to adorn her hair. We can shrug off their accusations of our extravagance, remembering with a secret smile their own little ways at their various clubs.

But this latest stunt—this accusation that we are wasting our steps in kitchens and round the house—is the frozen limit. The profound thinker who contributed the article did not, apparently, think long enough to discover who designed the kitchens with all these unnecessary steps.

Maybe he knows some women architects. This scribe does not. I don't even know the one who designed my kitchen, but I should enjoy a short heart-to-heart talk with him on the subject of sinks and stoves in ill-lit corners.

Maybe in the end some good will come out of all this senseless welter of masculine advice on how to run a house. Just possibly it may teach the mothers of the race that the boys, as well as the girls, should learn to do the chores.

Imagine the light-hearted ignorance of the man who writes: "I cannot understand why women allow the clothes to dry on the line, and then damp them again before ironing! Clothes could be collected while at the proper stage of dampness and ironed immediately."

How much I should enjoy the spectacle of that gentleman tearing up and down to the clothesline deciding the exact moment when the tail of his shirt and the fourfold seams and treble collar are all simultaneously "at the proper stage of dampness!" And one cannot help speculating on his reactions if his wife decided to let his dinner go hang, while she did the ironing immediately.

When it comes to making beds, however—ah, then, my foolish sisters, we

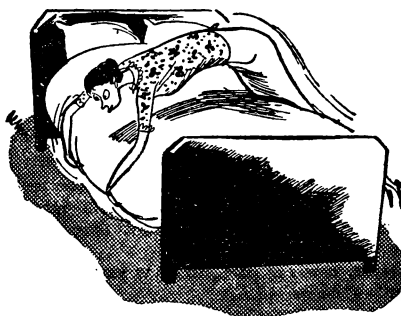
must learn from the men—the experts on motion-study. "Women invariably make beds by walking round them. This is entirely unnecessary except perhaps for the last smoothing. Even a wide double bed can be made up entirely on one side before moving across to the other."

Maybe it can, if the bed-maker is six feet high and has long arms, but even then, I'd rather the motion-study expert slept in it than I. Unreasonable of me, no doubt, but I have a preference for beds *without* a hump in the middle.

Women's preparations for cooking, too, have been the subject of much prolonged watching and measuring. The expert will have his eagle eye upon you one day as you dig out the rolling-pin and mixing bowl from one cupboard, your flour from another and your butter from another. He intends to alter all that, bless you, and I could suggest an excellent way.

Make it unlawful for anyone but a competent housewife to become an architect. He might also have a word or so with the mice who can always read "Welcome" on the door of any man-designed kitchen cupboard. The mice might be able to explain why we women keep food in one place and easily scalded utensils in another.

I am determined on one thing since reading that article, and recommend that you all give it thought. I am determined that there shall be no unnecessary steps between me and my rolling-pin when the motion-study snooper comes calling on me with his futile tape-measure.



Maybe a bed can be made from one side if the bed-maker is six feet high and has long arms.

## PARTY FOR VERONICA

(Continued from page 6)

Sounds queer to me. Do you think we ought to wait before we make the announcement about the wedding?"

Diana and Penny had been sitting at one of the small tables watching the colorfully-dressed couples dancing to the strains of the competent little band. Trixie's news came as a relief, as Veronica's absence had had them worried.

"Bring her over to the table with us," Diana said. "I want to talk to her. We'll soon cheer her up. One look at Penny will be enough to send her into convulsions."

Trixie hurried away, her little white rabbit's tail bobbing convincingly as she walked. Penny's dark eyes turned on Diana. "Well, I like that. After all my efforts, I'm told I'm merely a convulsion-sender-offer. Don't you like my fancy dress?"

"Didn't think you had one," Diana grinned. "You look like a Balinese maiden gone wrong to me."

"I'm a Pacific Island Princess," said Penny with a very un-princessly snort. Then, becoming serious, "Diana, what's the matter with Veronica? Think she's sorry about it all?"

"Why should she be? Just over-wrought, I expect. You trot off and make eyes at somebody. Waggle that grass skirt at some helpless male. I can see Trixie coming back with her now. I'll talk to her like an auntie. But it needn't spoil your fun. Go and enjoy yourself. There's one of those comic waitresses over there in the monkey outfit. She looks lonesome, and all the tables have been done now. Team up with her and go wolf-hunting."

Penny threw back her head and howled appropriately, but fortunately the sound was drowned by a clash from the orchestra.

The waitress in the monkey outfit did look lonely, standing dejectedly near the kitchen door watching the dancing. Skinny, too. No figure at all. Poor kid, she'd never have any fun that way. Penny sidled up close and smiled in friendly fashion. "Come on, you lonesome thing, let's find us a couple of males to dance with."

The waitress leaped as though punctured. "Oh, no, Penny, no. Please, I don't want Diana to know that I'm here. Not like this."

"Eh?" Penny couldn't believe it. "Cuthbert? I thought you were a girl. I mean—I don't understand—"

With a sigh of relief, Cuthbert pulled the monkey face up and breathed in the air. "I was hoping I'd get through the night without being seen," he confessed. "Please don't tell Diana. Promise me that."

Penny was amused. "But why not? She'll be awfully disappointed if she finds out you were here. You said you had to work and—"

"I am working," said Cuthbert miserably, "I'm supposed to be a waiter. But when I upset a bowl of soup I was told to stay in the kitchen. I've been all the evening trying to ladle things out for the others to take round to the table. Penny, I wanted to be a waiter so that I could meet people and see life. But all I've seen is a kitchen up till now."

"But what about your job at Mr. Henkel's office?"

"I resigned. I told Mr. Henkel it bored me."

Penny shook her head. "What d'you want me to do, then? If you don't want Diana to know you're here, you'd better pull your monkey mask down because she's coming over right now."



Diana, charming in her Elizabethan costume, was beside them in a matter of seconds. For the first time, Cuthbert was relieved that she ignored him. She whispered urgently to Penny. He was preparing to steal silently away when he heard a few words.

"I wish Cuthbert were here," she was saying, "I'd like to get a man's point of view on this before telling the poor kid. Veronica might be all muddled up. And, after all, Cuthbert is a man. He'll know what the man would feel like."

Cuthbert forgot he wanted to stay hidden. Diana needed him.

"I'm here, Diana," he said, and pulled up the monkey mask.

VERONICA'S forthcoming marriage was not announced at the ball that night. Diana was more than a little amazed at Cuthbert's vehement denunciation of Veronica's intended husband as soon as she mentioned his name, but she acted on his advice.

"All I told Cuthbert was that Paul was a waiter," said Diana to Penny as they were preparing for bed back at the flat much later. "Veronica told me that, to explain why he wasn't at the ball. But when he made her promise that she wouldn't go, either, she had a sudden feeling she wasn't doing the right thing and that he didn't want to talk over their intended marriage with anyone. She began to think she really was rushing into things. . . ."

"What I can't understand," said Penny, tossing her grass skirt carelessly on top of the wardrobe, "is what happened in the kitchen just after we left Cuthbert. There was a terrific din for a while. It sounded like a fight. And then we found Cuthbert sitting on the floor with a saucepan on his head and soup all over him and the other waiters and waitresses had gone. And all he could say was, 'Yes, but you should have seen his eye.' Then he passed out and you kissed him."

"Did I?" said Diana. "I wonder why?"

"I think I could tell you," said Penny knowingly, as she leaped into bed. Then, changing the subject, "Funny, Cuthbert seemed to hate Veronica's boy-friend without seeing him. What did you say his name was again?"

"Paul. Paul Hands," said Diana.

But she wasn't very interested now that it was over. There was a more pressing problem:

"Penny, cherub, when did Cuthbert say he was going to see Mr. Henkel about going back to work at the office again?"

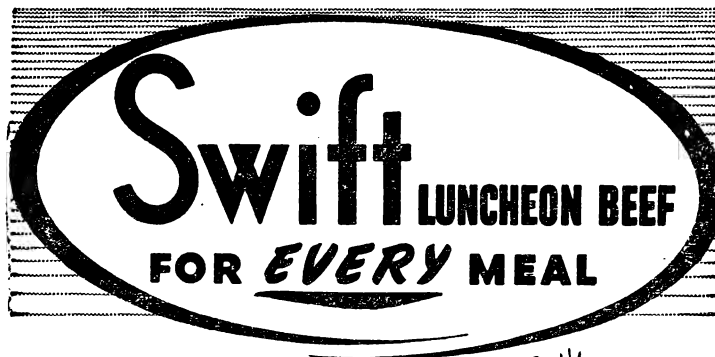
## HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

(Continued from page 7)

the wisest thing to do to leave these problems to those whose job it is to attend to such matters. That was my first thought, I know, when help was sought through me, but so much kindness and true charity was offered by kindly people, that I was caught up in the stream and filled with enthusiasm for helping in the humane rather than the official manner.

I know with great certainty that the kind of help we want to give is right. The only doubt is whether that help is practicable in the long run. What do my readers think?

*Elizabeth Lyse.*



## BREAKFAST

Cut in slices about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, grill or fry lightly and serve with bacon or eggs.



## LUNCHEON

Slice thin and serve with hot boiled or mashed potatoes, and greens. As a salad base it will add taste and colour to every plate.

## DINNER

Cut in thick slices, roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot dripping or butter until golden brown. Serve with mashed potatoes, peas, and baked stuffed tomatoes. Garnish with crisp lettuce.



## SUPPER

Cut in slices about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, grill lightly and place on lightly buttered toast. Add thin flat slices of cheese and grill again until the cheese melts forming a coat over the luncheon beef. Also delicious in Jaffles.



## NO CRUMBLING IN THE CAN

Luncheon Beef slips out of the can easily and does not crumble or break. The special easy-to-turn key attached to every can ensures quick, easy opening.



## Swift CHEESE

Creamy, rich, and nourishing . . . the modern Australian processed cheddar cheese with the SWIFT reputation for quality and flavour.

GROGER SAM SAYS—



SWIFT FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD





**Shown on our cover is  
this charming bolero  
in the classic Spanish  
style.**

#### **MATERIALS:**

6 ozs. 3-ply wool; 1 pr. each of Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

#### **MEASUREMENTS:**

To fit a 32-34 inch bust; shoulder to lower edge, 16 inches; sleeve seam, 18 inches.

#### **TENSION:**

7½ stitches and 9 rows to 1 inch.

#### **BACK:**

Cast on 140 sts. on No. 10 needles, and work 6 rows in stocking st.

Inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th row 9 times.

Continue without shaping till back measures 7½ inches, finishing after a purl row.

#### **Shape Armholes:**

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end on every row till 96 sts. remain.

Continue without shaping till armholes measure 6 inches.

#### **Shape Shoulders:**

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off.

#### **LEFT FRONT:**

With No. 10 needles cast on 54 sts.

Work in stocking st. for 7½ inches, finishing after a purl row.

#### **Shape Armhole:**

Cast off 7 sts., knit to end.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every row till 32 sts. remain.

Work till armhole measures 5 inches, finishing after a purl row.

#### **Shape shoulder:**

Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge 3 times.

Cast off.

#### **RIGHT FRONT:**

With No. 10 needles cast on 54 sts.

Work in stocking st. for 7½ inches, finishing after a knit row.

#### **Shape Armhole:**

Cast off 7 sts., purl to end.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in every row till 32 sts. remain.

Work till armhole measures 5 inches, finishing after a knit row.

Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge 3 times.

Cast off.

#### **SLEEVES (both alike):**

With No. 12 needles cast on 51 sts., and work in moss st. for 1½ inches.

Change to No. 10 needles and stocking st.

Inc. 1 st. each end of first row and every following 6th row 11 times.

Then inc. each end of every following 4th row 11 times.

Continue without shaping till sleeve measures 17½ inches from beg.

#### **Shape Top:**

Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt row till 61 sts. remain.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row till 41 sts. remain.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Then continue in stocking st. for 4 ins.

Cast off.

#### **BORDER:**

This is knitted in moss st.

With No. 12 needles cast on 11 sts.

1st row—K.1, (P.1, K.1) to end.

Repeat this row till border is sufficient to go from neck at centre back to lower edge of front, then work corner:

1st row—Moss st. 10, turn; moss st. 10.

3rd row—Moss st. 9, turn; moss st. 9.

5th row—Moss st. 8, turn; moss st. 8.

7th row—Moss st. 7, turn; moss st. 7.

9th row—Moss st. 6, turn; moss st. 6.

11th row—Moss st. 5, turn; moss st. 5.

13th row—Moss st. 4, turn; moss st. 4.

15th row—Moss st. 3, turn; moss st. 3.

17th row—Moss st. 2, turn; moss st. 2.

19th row—Moss st. till 1 st. beyond "gap," turn.

20th row—Moss st. to end.

Repeat last 2 rows 8 times.

Continue in moss st. till sufficient to go round lower edge, then work another corner.

Continue border for other front and second half of back neck.

Cast off.

#### **TO MAKE UP:**

Sew up all seams. Sew 4 inches at top of sleeve to shoulders. Sew in sleeves.

Sew on border.



## **CHANGE OF HEART**

(Continued from page 3)

night. If you don't keep quiet, we'll both have to grab the first one we see; we won't get work anywhere else this time of year."

Eileen was quiet for a few minutes, then in a breathless whisper, began again.

"His name is Len."

Ann did not answer. The mention of the name took her back 10 years. She was 17 again, her brown hair shone and her dark eyes were alight with excitement as she walked again along a dusty road with a tall, straight young man a year or so older than herself. A little house back from the road caught her eye and she said, spontaneously:

"How nice to live there when we're married."

She had sensed a sudden change and had glanced up at him as he began to explain, awkwardly, that since they had made their plans, things had changed, Dad had suggested having his voice trained.

Ann had neither seen nor spoken to him since that day, though there was little about him she had forgotten, and she often wondered in a cynical kind of way how far he had climbed.

She had had two proposals since—one from a middle-aged man who thought she would make a good housekeeper, and another from a man of some 25 years who thought he could retire on her salary. Well, ten years had passed. Perhaps she should have waited as Len had asked. At least she would have been spared the never ending rush to work each morning.

Her thoughts led her back to the noise of the room. Eileen was still talking.

"He said tonight was a special occasion, and I haven't a thing to wear."

Well, don't believe all he tells you. He'll probably only take you to the pictures."

"He said he'll take me home in a taxi."

"Never trust a man, they're all alike; He'll change his mind" Eileen's thoughts were off on another track.

"I'm going to borrow a dress."

"Thank goodness, you can't have one of these, they're Specials," said Ann, with relief. Try somebody else this time."

But luck was against her. Hers were just Eileen's size. Everybody else either had O.S. or an ugly color. In the end, she agreed as she always had to let Eileen have one.

"If it's not here in the morning, I'll wring your neck," she warned her. Eileen beamed all over her childlike face.

"As if anything would happen to it," she said.

But as Ann went home that night she was quite certain that something would.

**S**HE was early the next morning, after being awake all night visualizing all the thin; that could happen to a blue silk dress, size S.S.W. in one night. She put on a fresh overall and sat down at her machine, combing her hair as she waited for the worst.

It came.

Eileen arrived with a second to spare, but no parcel.

As soon as the power was switched on, Ann demanded,

"Where's the dress?"

Eileen was brief and to the point, "Lemonade," she said.

Ann could have screamed.

[Please turn to page 22



# RECIPES

## from our Readers

**PORK FILLETS WITH RAISINS AND CELERY:** Take  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. pork fillets,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. raisins, 2 sticks celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  apple, salt and pepper. Chop raisins, celery and apple finely, and blend all together well. Cut a pocket in each fillet, place in filing, arrange in baking-dish and cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. Fahr.) for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour.—167.

**TRIFLE CAEN** (French method of cooking): Cut tripe into small squares. Simmer for a few minutes in boiling salted water, then soak for 1 hour in cold water. Wash and thoroughly clean a calf's foot, and cut the meat into very small pieces. Alternate layers of tripe and calf's foot in a deep fireproof dish, with slices of onion and carrot mixed in, seasoning each layer. Add a bouquet of parsley, bayleaf and thyme, and fill up with stock. Cover with pastry, brush with beaten egg, and cook slowly in oven for at least 5 hours. To prevent pastry from burning, cover with greased paper.—Hessle.

**DEPRESSION PUDDING:** This pudding was greatly used after the first world war, during the depression, and the pudding is as light as a feather and does not stick to the basin. 2 tablespoons dripping, 2 tablespoons jam, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 small cup milk, 1 large cup plain flour, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda. Beat the jam and dripping and juice to a cream, add the flour, and the milk with the soda mixed in it, alternately. Steam for 2 hours. This pudding must be served with a thin sweet sauce. If liked, any of the following can be added to the pudding—dried fruit, dates, peel, cocoa, spice, ginger.—M. R.

**SUNBEAMS:** 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg, 1 cup S.R. flour, jam and coco-nut. Cream butter and sugar, add egg mixed with milk, then sifted flour to form a biscuit paste. Roll out and spread with jam, and sprinkle with coco-nut. Roll up, cut into slices, dip in coco-nut. Bake in fairly hot oven.—Blue Top.

**APPLE DELIGHT:** Place sliced bananas in bottom of pie-dish and cover with cold stewed apples. Top with cup of wheatflakes, sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg, and cook in moderate oven for 5 minutes. Serve with boiled custard.—I. H.

**MUSHROOM STUFFING:** Fry 2 chickens' livers in butter or bacon fat until they are cooked lightly through; remove from pan and chop. Melt a little more butter in the pan, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped mushrooms, 1 teaspoon each chopped parsley and chives (or the green part of onion), and cook for 5 minutes. Stir in the liver,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup stale breadcrumbs, a pinch of ground mace or nutmeg, salt and pepper. Blend thoroughly, and use as necessary.—Postwell.

**RAISIN CREAMS:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacup seedless or seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teacup orange juice, 1 pt. custard, 2 level teaspoons gelatine, a little red jelly. Put the raisins into the orange juice, and let them soak there for several hours or until they are quite soft. Make the custard, take it off the heat, add the gelatine melted in a little milk or water, stir until this is quite dissolved, and then cool. When the custard begins to set stir in the raisins and the orange juice, and turn the mixture into a large mould or small ones, and let it set. When ready for serving, decorate it with a little red jelly.—Ashby.

**SPANISH TART:** Sift together 1 cup of plain flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder and a pinch of salt; rub in 1 large tablespoon of butter. Mix to a stiff dough with a beaten egg. Roll out on a floured board and line a tart plate.

**Filling:** Cream a tablespoon of butter with a tablespoon of sugar, add a beaten egg and 1 grated apple, also 1 grated orange. Spread the pastry with raspberry jam. Then spread the creamed mixture over the top. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, and bake in a quick oven.—Tyro.

**EGGLESS PANCAKES OR FRITTERS:** Four tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons custard powder. 2 teaspoons baking powder and enough milk to mix into a batter, the consistency of boiled custard. Fry in hot fat and serve with sugar and lemon juice.—Prim.

**BEEF BURRS:** Make stuffing as used for poultry and form into balls about the size of an egg. Mix a well-beaten egg with 1 lb. of minced steak, divide into portions and wrap around the stuffing balls. This is best done by pressing the beef on to a board first, to thickness of about half-inch. Cook in moderate oven for about 45 minutes and serve with a thick gravy.—Willerby.

**PINEAPPLE PUDDING (BAKED):** Make a custard this way. Beat 3 egg yolks and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar together. Add 3 cups boiling milk stirring constantly and cook till thick. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla. Line greased dish with slices of sponge cake. Add layer sliced pineapple and pour custard over. Repeat until dish is full. Bake 20 minutes. Beat the egg whites stiffly, add 6 tablespoons sugar. Place in spoonfuls on top of pudding and bake until pale brown.—Annette.



## Lamb asks for MUSTARD



*Tempting slices*

*of roast lamb, hot or cold, lamb chops grilled to a turn, golden brown cutlets, and even the homely lamb stew are enriched by that golden dab of Keen's Mustard. It stimulates your palate, deepens your appreciation of the flavour and gives keener enjoyment. With every dish of lamb, with meat of all kinds, fish, sandwiches and savouries, add flavour, add mustard!*



## KEEN'S

*of course!*

K3/100





A LITTLE MEAT  
GOES A LONG WAY

*With this*

OLD  
HOME  
MEAT  
LOAF



BUT

Lea & Perrins  
SAUCE

*and*

Lea & Perrins  
TOMATO SAUCE

*are essential to make  
it really Scrumptious*

## CHANGE OF HEART

(Continued from page 20)

"Where? Down the front?"

Eileen nodded.

"Who split it? Len?"

"Len."

"The clumsy idiot! Are you sure it was lemonade?"

"We don't drink," replied Eileen haughtily.

"Well, you smoke. Are you sure it wasn't burnt?"

"No, it wasn't burnt. Len couldn't help it. He's going to have it cleaned downstairs. I think it's awfully decent of him. It'll be here at morning tea time."

"Ten o'clock!" cried Ann hotly. "They have to be finished at nine." She bent over her work. Useless to argue with Eileen. Nothing disturbed her. She looked secretly pleased about something though.

"Probably enjoying the sensation she has caused," thought Ann.

All went well until half past nine when Miss Phillipson came over.

"Are those dresses finished, Ann? You are half an hour late now."

"Nearly, replied Ann. "This is the last."

"Give me the other one then, and I'll have it finished off."

"I've sent it up to the finishing table," replied Ann.

"Very well, but please hurry."

As Miss Phillipson turned, Eileen reached out her hand and snatched the dress from Ann, hastily rolled it into a bundle and threw it along the bench. A girl on the other side grabbed and it passed from lap to lap and was finally thrown across to the finishing table.

Ann breathed a sigh of relief. Some girl was always late on her work and the girls were so used to sneaking it on to the finishing table that they worked as a team. Ann had been sure that this time they would be caught.

At five minutes to ten Eileen turned to her.

"You'll have to get it, Ann. He's bringing it up himself."

"I thought you wouldn't be able to wait to see him," said Ann sarcastically.

"I'm running late. I'll have to have my tea here. Be a sport, Ann."

Ann sighed as she got up. Thank goodness Miss Phillipson was talking to somebody at the door. She sneaked down the room and out of the escape door on to the back stair landing.

Yes, there he was, and he certainly looked awkward standing there with a blue dress over one arm. No mistaking him, fair hair, green eyes—Ann stopped short. It couldn't be, she was dreaming.

But it was Len himself, only 10 years older.

He came forward almost shyly.

"I hope you don't mind," he began.

"I've watched you going in and out of the building for weeks now. The dress is all right, Eileen thought up the idea. I had to talk to you again and Eileen said she'd help."

"She would," thought Ann. If there was one thing Eileen enjoyed better than her own romances it was somebody else's.

"Probably hoped I'd get the sack so that I'd throw myself into his arms," she thought.

But he was certainly handsome.

"I don't know what to say," she began weakly. "I've only got 10 minutes. You didn't climb very far."

"No? I was a fool, I should have married you all those years ago. I

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think we could make a go of it yet. I own the business downstairs if that is any inducement."

As Ann entered the workroom she felt as if all eyes were on her, but she managed to sneak the dress in somehow.

"You're two minutes late, Ann," said Miss Phillipson sharply.

"Yes," replied Ann, "I am going to be married."

"Indeed," said Miss Phillipson, obviously startled. "I hope you'll be happy." Good heavens, surely she hadn't smiled.

"Sssss," Eileen again. "What did he say?"

"Not much," said Ann keeping her head down, well aware that Eileen intended asking every question she could think of.

"Did he ask you to marry him the minute he saw you?"

"Yes."

"Isn't he beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Did he kiss you?"

"We only had ten minutes," replied Ann dodging.

"Twelve," corrected Eileen. "And doesn't he kiss like Clark Gable?"

"I tell you we only had ten minutes, and anyway you don't know. He's never kissed you because he told me so."

"Never trust a man," said Eileen triumphantly. Ann laughed again.

"He said he'll put two new drivers on next week to console you."

"Conceited ass," said Eileen.

Ann was still laughing as she put on her hat and coat to go home. She couldn't wait for the lift. Down the stairs she went. How clean they looked tonight! They must have been washed down. Even the marble seemed to shine brighter still as she turned the corner to where he stood waiting.

THE END

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from page 5)

### Misprint

OUR local tennis club arranged a festive evening in order to raise funds, and the "do" was announced as a *Gorgeous Gussy Evening*.

The announcement duly appeared in the paper as *Gorgeous Hussy Evening*. Was it a printer's error, I wonder, or just his little joke.—Ace. (N.S.W.)

☆

### After Him, Girls!

WORDS of wisdom from the leader of a woman's movement: "If you want something from a woman, write her a letter. If you want something from a man, put on your best bib and tucker and go after him."

Whatever her method, she certainly succeeded, for women have much to thank her for.—Norocks. (N.S.W.)

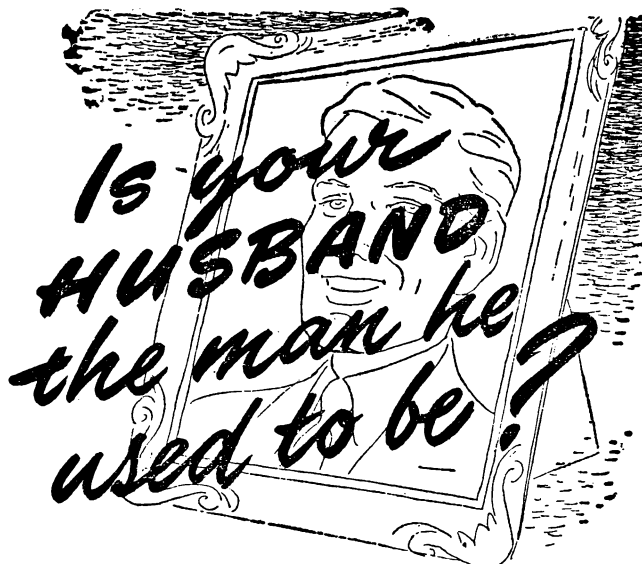
☆

### Cruel Thing

I HAVE had two babies and have lost one of them. That loss is all the greater because I am unable to have any more children.

The cruellest thing that I have had said to me was: "Some people have all the luck in not being able to have kids. I didn't want any of mine and if I have a fourth I'll go crazy."

I have omitted the bad language which was part of this statement. The woman was quite well off so that she had no need to worry about the expense of rearing children.—Fairy. (Vic.)



Men who are always tired and irritable, nervy, "edgy" and difficult to live with may well be suffering from "mineral starvation"—due to faulty diet, hurried meals, nerve strain and overwork. These "run-down" men need Bidomak—a scientific combination of minerals essential for robust health and nerve strength. Bidomak provides essential iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, copper and manganese, quickly builds rich red blood, nourishes nerves and brain, strengthens tissues throughout the body.

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# MY YOUNG MEN

I never fell for the heavy romantic types, I preferred light-hearted happy-go-lucky youths.

By **FLEUR TRAVERS**

**I**N my giddy teens I had more than a smattering of boy friends, this being due less to my youthful charms than to the lucky chance of living in a place where there were men to spare. At that stage of the game I never fell for the heavily romantic types, preferring more light-hearted, happy-go-lucky youths, who were good fun at picnics and dances, and who sprawled round the fire listening to gramophone records.

The war cut short our frolics, but I shall never forget that brief, carefree interlude, and the friends who helped to make the fun.

There was Henry, who owned two decrepit cars which he was perpetually dismantling and re-assembling, often with curious results. A date with Henry was never a cut and dried affair. He might fail to get one of his cars together in time. Or he would arrive, hot and dishevelled, with some incoherent story of a short circuit in the lights, and how he had missed his tea. Once the back wheel came adrift, and bowled along beside us.

On another occasion, after a scorching day, he insisted on driving me down to the coast in a car with no lights, the hood stuck half-way up and refused to budge either way, and both doors were tied up with hayband. So many things happened to that car during the 10-mile journey, we'd have made better speed in a mule cart.

He got tired of undoing the hayband on the doors and tore it off. After that, every time we went round a corner both doors flew open, Henry clung to the steering-wheel and I clung to Henry.

Our friendship finally cooled off when he offered to mend my portable gramophone, took it to pieces, lost the bits in the mad chaos of his garage workshop, and finally returned to me the only portions he could find, namely, the case and the winder.

Then there was Bob, whose car behaved impeccably, but which he hated driving. Bob was very fat, and always seemed to be catching up on his sleep. He had one passion—swimming—and on Sunday mornings he would drive up to my home, hand over the wheel, and re-

mark that the surf was good at such and such a beach. Then he would climb into the back seat, curl up, and go to sleep, awakening only when the sea air smote his nostrils.

Bob never wore more than the minimum of clothes. He was too lazy to put them on. At the pictures he always sat in the front row of the circle, so he could put his feet up on the balcony railing. This often caused a few embarrassing murmurs from our immediate neighbors, the more so when a hitched-up trouser leg revealed that Bob hadn't mustered up energy to put on his socks.

How red my face was the day the car was bogged in the sand. Bob surveyed the scene briefly, and then accosted two innocent bystanders with the words, "Ho, slaves! Rally to the rescue."



Perhaps they only caught the general drift of his words, for they didn't immediately strike him down. Indeed, they started shovelling and fairly willingly—until they noticed Bob sitting comfortably on the running-board.

They paused in their labors.

"Get on, sirs; work harder, my good fellows," exhorted Bob, in full round tones.

"———!!!" retorted our helpers, putting on their coats again.

I had to burst into loud hopeless sobs to get them back on the job.

I saw Bob again the other day, just returned from a trip to Spain. The afternoon siesta was the thing which had most impressed him.

Cars seemed to be two a penny with my young men in those days. Either they had a job with a car, an indulgent family with a car, or they just scraped together some old junk and somehow built a car. However, it was a car that caused me to break with Tom.

Though not a timid passenger, as soon as I climbed into Tom's car apprehension started creeping on me. He would drive through a fog at 80 miles an hour, yelling "oops lads and at 'em." The more fear I showed the faster he would drive, and I soon learned to preserve an outward calm, inwardly resolving that if I should miraculously escape, never, never again would I risk my life in his company.

Many was the cow we literally singed the hair off, and we should, of course, have been killed.

He also had a shattering tendency to drive to the edge of steep cliffs, or along jetties, accelerating madly, and shouting: "Let's end it all." Then he would jam on the brakes at the last minute, and I would shoot a glance in the rear-vision mirror to see if my hair had turned white. Yes, Tom was definitely too much strain on my nerves.

In the office where I worked were two very hilarious types—Bill and Peter. They were always sparring or playing jokes on each other, their favorite sport being to seize a chair apiece, and then charge! As a result, there was hardly a whole chair in the office.

Once a glass inkpot, intended for Bill, found its mark on me instead, and made a deep gash just under my eyebrow. Blood spurted everywhere, and I was hauled off to the doctor for a couple of stitches.

Although casual about wounding each other, this mishap to me shook them slightly, and when I arrived at work next day, there on my desk was a baseball mask. They suggested I should wear it in future, as a protection from misguided missiles.

Poor young men! How they enjoyed their simple, though often reckless adventures, and what different and more sinister adventures they were soon to pursue.

War came, and then there was another young man—but that's a different story.

Yet I miss the carefree gaiety that was so much a part of "my young men."



# Movieland Memo



**PARTY BOY**—One of the most glittering Hollywood parties for some time was given by Watson Webb, an assistant cutter at 20th Century-Fox. Everybody who is anybody turned up, including Darryl Zanuck, the big boss at 20th, and just about every star in pictures. How does an assistant cutter give parties like that? It's easy when you know the answer. Watson is a millionaire socialite when he is not at work cutting films, and what he receives from the studio doesn't even pay his gardeners.

**ANIMAL CAPERS**—Universal-International seems to be the most animal-happy studio in town. They already have one big success in Francis, the talking mule; then there is Harvey the invisible rabbit, and now comes news of a new picture being made there called *Bedtime For Bonzo*. Seems the story tells of a young married couple who, filled with scientific principles, try out all the child-raising theories on a monkey before they have a real child of their own.

**IGNORANCE IS BLISS**—Dane Clark's friends have all been receiving letters from him in Paris saying how homesick he is. Writing about his French movie in which he co-stars with one of France's greatest feminine stars, Mlle. Signoret, he says "It's all in French and I still don't know what I'm saying!"

**NO HERO**—Director Bill Wellman is looking forward to Father's Day in the hope that it might reinstate him with his six kids. Bill was the children's big hero after he made a hole-in-one at the Bel Air golf course. Then the next day his wife did the same thing. Now the kids say, "Aw, if Ma can do it, it's easy."

**FOUND**—One of the town's biggest mysteries has been the whereabouts of Deanna Durbin since she announced that she was going to Europe some months ago. Nothing further was heard until the announcement was made that she will marry Charles David, French born Hollywood director, as soon as her divorce from Felix Jackson becomes final. Deanna was finally found at a small country hotel 35 miles from Paris where she was registered under her real name of Edna Jackson!

**ELEPHANT BOY**—About six times a year Frank Whitbeck, advertising director of Metro, goes off to wherever the circus is playing "to see his girls." Frank's "girls" are three elephants—Queen, Happy and Sally—and Frank owns them and leases them to the circus. The elephants were originally imported about fifteen years ago for one of the Tarzan epics, and when he got the chance Frank bought them up. Seems that he once worked for a circus when he was a youth, and he has wanted an elephant of his own ever since. According to Frank, "An elephant is the most lovable, loyal, intelligent, faithful, honest, sincere and wonderful animal in the world."

**COMEDOWN**—How are the mighty fallen! The beautiful white horse once ridden by Mussolini, and on which he swore to enter Alexandria, is now being ridden by Robert Taylor for scenes in *Quo Vadis*? The movie crew is not too sure whether the crowds of sightseers who hang around the sets are there to gaze at Bob, Debbie Kerr and the other stars, or to revive old memories by watching the horse.



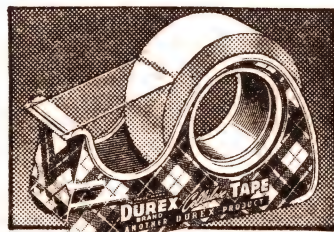
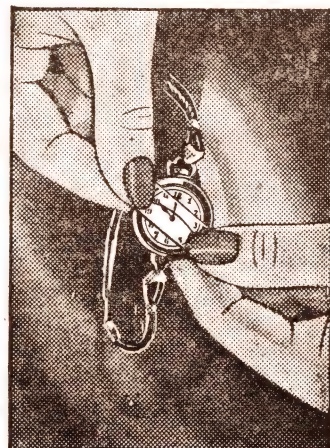
★ Clifton Webb and Dana Andrews, who worked together in *Laura* a few years ago, chat on the set of *Where The Sidewalk Ends* at 20th. Clifton is not in the film, but dropped in to say "Hello" to his old pals.

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B.E.46

## FINDERS KEEPERS

(Continued from page 13)

"I think you'd better remember one thing," she said firmly. "The only reason we've asked you along is because you may be of some use in helping to identify the woman who stole my ring."

The car braked. Charles hopped out first and then Claire followed suit.

The late occupant of the dicky seat looked at them suspiciously.

"I think you'd better let me handle this," he said curtly. "There's been far too much shilly-shallying already."

Claire looked at him without speaking for a moment.

"Very well, Charles," she answered slowly.

Charles led the way and the trio went up the stone steps and into the station. Ten minutes later and there was not the slightest doubt in the minds of a certain august body known as the law that a diamond engagement ring worth at least fifty pounds which had been stolen from a hotel suite would have to be recovered with the least possible delay.

"And this time," said Charles as they returned to the pavement, "I really think that we can dispense with Mr. Jefferson's services."

Bill looked at Claire and the lady hesitated an imperceptible second before she lowered her eyes.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "if I might make one further suggestion? Of course it may sound rather foolish but—"

"Well?" asked Charles.

"Why not put an ad. in tomorrow's Daily Chronicle asking the finder to return the ring? We can't lose anything by it and after all we don't know for a positive fact that the one I found was the ring that was stolen."

"A jolly good idea!" Charles said enthusiastically.

"I shouldn't have thought that was necessary," Claire said with a puzzled glance at Bill.

"Nonsense, my dear," answered Charles. "Leave no stone unturned. That's my motto." Then anxious lest Bill should take further advantage of his sudden turn of good spirits he grasped Claire by the elbow and said, "Well, this time young woman we must really be going."

"Oh, absolutely," agreed Bill. He met a last flashing glance from Claire with a bland expression, stifled a yawn and watched them disappear along the crowded pavement. And when he was quite sure that they had vanished from view he revved the motor and drove to the office of the Daily Chronicle.

"OH, come in!" Claire Adams said sharply the next morning for the third time in half an hour.

Bill entered with a guilty expression.

"You!" she said in one significant exclamation.

"What's wrong?" he asked with a sudden disarming smile.

"What's wrong?" Claire blew a tendril of hair out of her left eye and sat bolt upright on the edge of the lounge.

"I suppose you don't know that I've had a stream of visitors all the morning offering me diamond engagement rings of every possible shape and design?"



Bill raised his eyebrows.

"Of course you'd never guess that Charles has already phoned to tell me that if that's the way I feel about things it's just as well we found out before it's too late!"

"Pon my soul" Bill whistled softly.

Claire grabbed a copy of the Daily Chronicle that was lying on the arm of the lounge chair.

"And needless to say," she swept on scornfully, "you wouldn't have the faintest idea who inserted this advertisement in the Lost and Found column of this morning's Chronicle."

Bill pushed his hat off his forehead and reached for the paper.

"Oh, don't bother!" scolded Claire. "I'll read it for you." She folded the paper.

Lost. Engagement ring. Paste. Sentimental value only. Claire Adams, suite 27, Hotel Plaza. Finder suitably rewarded.

"Oh, that!" Bill said loftily. "Yes, I know all about that. That's why I'm here." Then he poked his finger into his vest and brought out a small glittering object. "See?"

"You've found it!" said Claire. "Oh, Bill—you've found it!" She took the ring out of the palm of his hand and held it between her thumb and forefinger.

"Now look inside," Bill commanded.

Claire did so.

"My initials!" she exclaimed. "C.A."

Then quite by chance Claire Adams slipped the ring on her third finger and held it at arm's length. She took it off again and her expression changed.

"I-I don't understand," she said slowly. "Why, this isn't my ring—"

Bill looked at her reproachfully as he took the ring and carefully placed it on the third finger of her left hand once more. His hand closed over hers and he gave it a little squeeze.

"Well, what did you expect at twenty-four hours' notice, anyway?" he asked.

THE END

## SNAKES AT HOME

(Continued from page 10)

and, opening the tin, jerked a live and lively snake into the cage.

It was a *Denisonia*, a shining brown thing with seal brown bars on its head, orange and deep brown. He had found it out on the tablelands, pulled it out of its hole by the tail and, after pinning it down, had carried it for two miles between finger and thumb until he reached camp and got a tin to put it in.

Needless to say, in the excitement of getting the little beast safely housed and provided with food, my adventures didn't get a hearing.

To make matters worse, I entirely disgraced myself a few days later by hitting vigorously at a snake's head. Unfortunately for me I missed. And the male members of the family hastened to point out that I had struck, not at the head, but at the tail of a harmless blind snake.

The two male brutes picked up the termite-eating snakeling and it, too, has become a pet. Theirs not mine.

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## Household Hints from Reader to Reader

**Nose Bleeding Cure.**—The best remedy for nose bleeding is one so very simple that you might be inclined to doubt it. This excellent and tried remedy consists in vigorous motion of the jaws as in mastication.—Betta B. (Vic.)

☆

**Tins** in which powdered coffee is put in, are splendid for Bon Ami, Salt, Cornflour, etc., containers, being light and rustless.—Riate. (N.S.W.)

☆

**Handy Nail File.**—Keep a nail file in your work-basket. Marvellous aid when turning in a hem or binding.—Somerset. (N.S.W.)

**Butter Saving.**—Scald your milk, save the cream from it for a few days and use it as it is, it makes beautiful light cakes and saves the precious butter, too.—F.T. (W.A.)

☆

**Minced Pancakes.**—Dress up the homely mince by cooking it with grated carrot and onion and serving it between plain pancakes.—Mrs. D.H. (Q.)

☆

**To Lengthen Childrens' Pyjamas,** knit a cuff of ribbing of plain and purl, and attach to the arms and legs of pyjamas, this also keeps the wrist and ankles much warmer.—Pharlan. (Vic.)

## Her rheumatism goes as she loses ugly fat

Great London Hospital endorses famous Youth-O-Form

"For many years," says Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "I have been crippled with rheumatism, until some friends recommended me to take Youth-O-Form to reduce my weight. I DID REDUCE and, more marvellous still, my rheumatism completely disappeared. That was four years ago. The London winter I find very severe, and this year I got rheumatism badly again, and all the prescriptions were useless. I told my doctor, who is leading physician at one of the big hospitals here, that Youth-O-Form was the only thing that ever did me any good and he advised me to try it again and that the Youth-O-Form prescription was well known. Once again I am quite well and fit."



### WHAT YOU SHOULD WEIGH

Height	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
ft. in.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.
5 1	7 9	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7
5 2	7 12	8 1	8 3	8 6	8 10
5 3	8 1	8 4	8 6	8 9	8 13
5 4	8 4	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3
5 5	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3	9 7
5 6	8 11	9 0	9 3	9 7	9 11
5 7	9 1	9 4	9 7	9 11	10 1
5 8	9 5	9 8	9 11	10 1	10 5

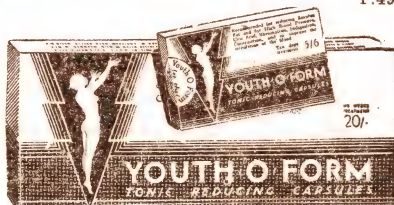
Add 3lb. for every five years over forty.

If you are overweight and suffer from rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, or constant headaches, Youth-O-Form will help you, too. Youth-O-Form Globules are effective, permanent and easy to take.

You can get the six weeks' Youth-O-Form Treatment for 20/- (or a 10-day Carton, 5/6) from your nearest Chemist.

If far from a Chemist, pin a Postal Note to a piece of paper with your name and address; send it to Youth-O-Form, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Youth-O-Form will reach you by return registered mail plainly wrapped and with full directions for use.

Y.49



**Quince Jam.**—It is quite worth the extra work of mincing the cored, but not-peeled fruit, when making quince jam, to ensure a smooth textured jam free from hard lumps which refuse to be mashed during cooking.—Caprice. (S.A.)

☆

**Modelling Mixture.**—Children love modelling. Dough mixed with salt, about a quarter the amount of salt to flour, makes a satisfactory mixture for temporary use. If kept in an air-tight jar it will last for a few days.—Phil. (N.S.W.)

☆

**Boiled Water.**—If you have to make tea from a kettle which has been boiling for some time, pour the water on the tea from as great a height as possible. This aerates the water again and makes it as good as freshly boiling.—J.P. (Vic.)

☆

**To Remove Wallpaper** before hanging new, make a thin paste by stirring boiling water into flour until transparent. Brush this over the old paper and leave for fifteen minutes. The paper will then leave the wall easily.—Bam. (S.A.)

☆

**Patent Leather Shoes** should not be cleaned with polish. Sponge over lightly with milk and polish afterwards with chamois leather or a piece of celanese. This ensures a good brilliance.—Gam. (S.A.)

☆

**Easy Way To Cook Sausages.**—Prick with fork, place in casserole with lid (no fat), and bake in a fairly hot oven for half an hour. They need no turning, and you'll find them deliciously crisp and brown, and still in their skins.—Sea Breeze. (Vic.)

☆

**Beetroot Hint.**—Never cook beetroot as soon as it is pulled. If purchasing beet from a shop, the wise housewife looks for those with withered leaves, in preference to the fresh ones. Sap and sugar from the beet stalks get drawn back into the root from whence it originally came, and though the leaves fade, the beet itself improves in flavor and sweetness. Since most women are unaware of this they pass over the beet they think stale, and it is sold at a lower price.—Eyeno. (Vic.)

☆

**Cake Icing Tip.**—If a dessertspoon of condensed milk is added to other ingredients when making icing for a cake the icing will be firm but soft and will not crack.—Lushus. (N.S.W.)

☆

**Before Storing Linens** or summer dresses that have been starched wash out all the starch. Starch is inclined to rot material, particularly when not in use. Blue will not harm them.—Meff. (Vic.)

☆

**Shoes** that slip at the heel, can be remedied by lining the tongue with thick material, thick enough to take up any slackness, the shoe will then grip the foot. Fit the material to the tongue with rubber solution.—Park Bridge. (Vic.)

☆

**Save Steps** in the kitchen by having a small tray which will fit easily on the shelf of safe or pantry. On the tray place everything used for setting the table, i.e.: salt, pepper or other condiments, jam, marmite, honey, jam spoons, butter knives, etc. One trip to safe or pantry is all that is needed when setting the table to get the tray, and the same when clearing the table to return the tray. A shallow pyrex dish can serve the same purpose in ice chest or cool safe and will hold butter, milk and cream. It's surprising how many steps are saved.—Digger's Wife. (S.A.)

A



# Pattern Service

## BUTTONED FRONT

PATTERN No. 8482

Price 1/6

DESIGNED to please the beginner in sewing—a simple yet flattering daytime dress that buttons down the front, has a pretty neckline and interesting pocket treatment. You'll want to make several. Designed for sizes 32-34, 36-38 and 40-42 inches bust measurements. Size 36-38 inches requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material.



## MORNING STYLE

PATTERN No. 8459

Price 1/6

A DELIGHTFULLY simple dress to get your day started right! This neat button front style has a pretty shaped collar, scalloped sleeves and a practical pocket. Nice enough for warm weather wear, too. Designed for sizes 30-32, 34-36 and 38-40 inches bust measurements. Size 34-36 inches requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material.

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## HEART DEEP

(Continued from page 9)

child's face, distorted by a child's futile, unreasoning rage.

Jill came across towards her and said quietly: "Doreen, I wanted to tell you about my meeting with Ralph—and it certainly wasn't the way you've got it. You can't believe what he told you: that I was out to steal your happiness. Doesn't that show you how despicable the man is?"

"I won't hear a word against him," Doreen almost shouted. "I trust him and I know there's nothing in the world he wouldn't do for me . . . And if you think you can come between us, you were never more mistaken about anything in your life."

The slamming of the bedroom door echoed all over the house, and as she crossed to her own room, her heels clacked on the parquet like an angry tongue.

Jill thought miserably: "In this mood she won't listen to anything I could say. I've made matters worse by interfering. . . ."

WHEN she set off to catch her usual bus next morning she was oppressed by a sense of failure, of calamity threatening like a stormcloud. Yet the day was fresh and sweet, the sky infinitely clear, the lark singing. . . .

She paused to exchange a word with Harry, the gardener-handyman, who was cutting sweet peas for Mrs. Hammond's vases with the dew still on them. It seemed to her that Harry shared her mood of foreboding, for his expression was sober and overcast; and when Jill asked after his little daughter, Rosemary, who often came to play in the garden, she learnt the reason.

It seemed that Rosemary had slipped on an uneven bit of the path a week or two ago and wrenched her knee. They had tried various embrocations and lotions but the knee was still swollen and painful and at last they had had to call in the doctor.

"Oh, but that was what you should have done right away!" Jill said earnestly. "You can't play about with knee-joints!"

"Aye, that's what Dr. Harding says," Harry replied heavily. "He wants to have her to a specialist—and we don't like that, either. If we've made matters worse by rubbing it, we shall never forgive ourselves. He wouldn't talk about seeing a specialist if it wasn't right serious, would he, Miss Jill?"

Jill said quickly, warmly: "He would want the best for your little girl. . . . If it turns out not to be serious, you'll still be glad that she had the most expert opinion, won't you? And you can trust Dr. Harding absolutely. I've seen him with a hurt child, and he was wonderfully gentle and kind. . . ."

She ran for her bus, leaving Harry looking much more cheerful, but there was a desolate feeling in her own heart. It was true Neil Harding was wonderfully kind and that his whole heart was in his work; but at this moment it was his ruthlessness she remembered, and all she had read in his eyes when he looked across a crowded restaurant and saw her with Ralph Crawdon. . . .

On her way home that evening she called at the gardener's cottage to see Rosemary. No one answered her knock, and she was just turning away, both surprised and disappointed, when a car drew up at the gate. From it stepped Mrs. Furness, the gardener's wife, and



then Dr. Harding carrying little Rosemary with her knee in splints. He looked embarrassed when he saw Jill, but Mrs. Furness greeted her beamingly.

"It's good of you to call, Miss Jill. Harry told me you'd been asking about Rosemary. . . . We've been to the specialist, and I don't know how I'm ever going to thank doctor enough for taking us to the hospital and back in his car. What with the waiting and all, it's taken nigh on his whole afternoon."

Neil reddened up. "It's nothing. You couldn't have managed by bus—the child's too heavy to carry, and with the knee in this state it would be foolish to risk another knock."

"And the verdict?" Jill asked.

"Reassuring. There's nothing that complete rest won't put right—followed later by massage and active and passive movements." He turned on the woman with a suddenness that startled her to say severely: "And another time, send for me right away instead of monkeying around with an injury of this sort—or I'll wash my hands of you!"

"As tough as they come!" thought Jill, as he marched out with a curt good-day, master of the situation. But she had seen the betraying smile and squeeze he had given little Rosemary as he laid her, with infinite gentleness and care, on the couch under the window, with its gay geraniums and the rambler roses tapping and peeping at the panes.

"A holy terror isn't he?" said Mrs. Furness in an awed voice. "But what can you expect when a man lives alone? 'Tisn't natural for a grand, up-standing young man like Dr. Harding. . . . And he isn't the sort that will marry just for company. He'll search the world until he finds the woman he has set his heart on; and when he sees her, mark my words, Miss Jill, nothing will stand in his way."

The simple words falling into the dusk of the little cottage seemed to Jill strangely, inexpressibly moving. Through the little window she watched Neil Harding go down the path with his firm military step and never a look backwards; and when she had tucked up little Rosemary and exchanged a few more words with Mrs. Furness, she, too, went down the path—reluctantly and with a thumping heart; for the car was still at the gate and Neil was tinkering inside the bonnet.

As she reached him she said lightly: "Engine trouble? Of course, if you will try our worst lanes. . . ."

"I was measuring the oil," said Neil. There was no smile to answer hers, and his tone was formal and curt.

"How is Miss Jefferies?" Jill asked, talking rather breathlessly because she

[Please turn to inside back cover

## HIS DAILY DINNER

What will you give your man to eat on a hot summer day? It is a problem sometimes but it need not be if you possess a copy of "My Daily Dinner Cookery Book." Here you have a different dinner menu for every day of a summer month. When winter comes there are a month's daily dinners to pick from besides 134 tested economical recipes. Send 1/1½ to South-down Press, Box 777H, G.P.O., Melbourne and the book is yours.

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# RHEUMATISM

**An English Research Chemist has discovered that Uric Acid has nothing to do with the pain, swelling, and stiffness of Rheumatism.**

## THE TRUE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM

is a toxic condition of the blood originating in the deep veins of the leg. These toxins cause the stiffening of the muscles and the hardening and enlargement of the joints by becoming localised in certain parts of the body and there producing exactly the same sort of inflammatory thickening of the tissues as results from a boil, ulcer, or any similar localised inflamed condition.

To remove the cause, whether Muscular Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Arthritis, or Synovitis, it is necessary to (1) relieve the pain; (2) eliminate the poisons from the blood; and (3) build up the Nervous System. Mr. Douglas Curzon's new development scientifically combines and provides these essentials, and by its speedy, safe, and certain action, not only definitely assists in banishing the pain, swelling, and stiffness, but builds resistance against future attacks.

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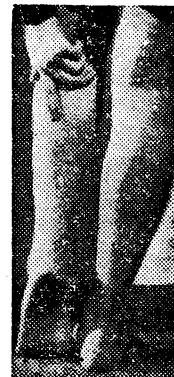
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# YOUR GARDEN

*Week by Week*



By **GEORGE HYAM**

Past President Victorian  
Horticultural Society

## Color Harmonies in the Flower Garden

ONCE one has become familiar with some of the vast number of flower tints and shades that could be selected from seed or nursery catalogues, which I feel sure greatly exceed the synthetic colors used as paints or dyes in interior decoration, it is possible to plant by some pre-conceived plan to produce a very wide variation in color harmonies in the garden. Moreover, this can be changed year by year, or even season by season, and so avoid any monotonous repetition and, at the same time, give a splendid opportunity to develop individual taste. Every garden can be an exclusive "model."

One does not need to be an expert to make a start on a harmonious garden, pleasing to the eye. Flowering plants have the great advantage that although there are certain rules of color harmony which is always desirable to apply, some infringement of these does not produce the irritating effect of bad color combinations in textiles, wall decorations or outside paintwork. The green foliage of plants seems to soften severe clashing of colors so that the effect does not make mistakes in blending entirely unpleasant.

Much has been written on color combinations and these are often highly technical but, for the average home garden, the knowledge of a few general rules will prevent most gardeners from making a complete eyesore of their flower beds.

The first rule is to take some thought of what is the background for the color scheme, and this is simplified in the garden because it is mostly varying shades of green foliage of trees and shrubs and the grass or lawns. Fortunately, the green shades of living plants will blend with any color or tint or even pure white.

It is this universal blending quality of green which allows us to mix almost any colors in beds providing the plants are those which have fair proportion of green foliage or the colors are interspersed with some foliage plant. White, cream or grey flowers have also the same property of toning down otherwise violently contrasting colors.

It is always a mistake to mix flowers with strong and deep primary colors with soft pastel tints unless they are tints of the same primary color, and even then, the primary color should not preponderate. Deep reds or scarlets probably are the most difficult colors to work in with other colors. They clash with everything except white or deep green and if such colors are to be

massed, as for instance, borders of *salvia bon-fire* or red geraniums, they should be backed by dark green foliage to soften the red.

The following are some color combinations which mix well:

- Blue and brown
- Blue and gold
- Blue and pink
- Blue and straw-color
- Blue and salmon.
- Blue and orange
- Blue and yellow pastel shades
- Blue, brown and gold
- Blue, crimson and orange
- Blue, purple, yellow and black
- Red and gold
- Red, yellow and black
- Scarlet and violet
- Scarlet and black
- Crimson and gold
- Crimson and purple
- Crimson, orange and green
- Purple and yellow
- Purple, scarlet and gold
- Lilac and deep gold
- Lilac and primrose
- Lilac, crimson and gold
- Lavender and pink
- Lavender and pale blue
- Violet and orange
- Violet and lilac
- Orange and bronze

There are no true black flowers but this term is used for very dark shades which appear black when shaded from sunlight. In horticultural terms, brown is a shade between black and red or yellow.

The accompanying diagram is useful in illustrating complementary harmonies and to provide a quick reference. If a small triangular piece of card is cut to the size and shape of that shown by the dotted lines, and if this is fixed with a pin to the centre of the circle so that it will revolve it will indicate the following.

(1) Neighboring complementary harmonies will be found along each side of the triangle.

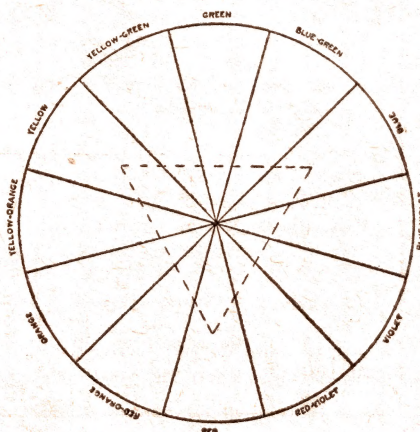
(2) What is known as triad harmony will be indicated by revolving the card on the circle, each point indicating the appropriate colors.

(3) Two complementary colors are obtained by using any two immediately opposite each other on the circle.

(4) Neighboring harmonies are any two colors located side by side or using any tints or shades between the two adjacent ones.

In small gardens, it is best to avoid planting small beds of one shade and especially if of one variety. Where massed effects of one color are desired, it is best to plant these in lines or strips along a border or round an island bed though the more delicate tints can be massed in clusters among flowers with appropriate matching colors. Massed beds of one color should only be used in spacious surroundings.

Some colors, such as magenta are difficult to combine with other colors; multi-colored flowers are also sometimes difficult to place, but there will be no loss of effect if any in doubt are discreetly planted among any other color with plenty of foliage if they lack this themselves.



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## HEART DEEP

felt go all at ease. "We had a session on Monday, you know, and then she went shopping—quite an adventure!"

"Yes, you certainly brought her out of her shell." He sounded grudging. Really, there was no pleasing the man. He added in the same formal tone: "Both Ilona and her aunt would be happy if you dropped in to see them now and then. It's a little break in the monotony."

"Perhaps at the week-end," hesitated Jill. "Just at the moment life is one long rush. You should see the appointments book!"

Neil said drily: "I presume a dinner date at the Planet counts as a business. Like the orchids I saw you wearing, and which you told me were from a grateful client."

"It was the truth," said Jill in a low voice.

His face darkened and he made a gesture of savage contempt.

"Look, it's no concern of mine what friends you have. But what I can't stick is the petty deceit, all the beauty parlor make-believe. . . . I happen to know the reputation of the man you were with on Monday night. It isn't pretty. . . . But I'm still to believe that you wear orchids for a grateful client!"

He wrenched open the car door violently, got into the driving seat, slammed the door hard; and then he leaned out to say quite coolly: "You might keep an eye on the child for me over the week-end. And if you see any embrocation around, pour it down the sink."

He was gone, with dust and fumes and the engine spluttering.

"His pugs need cleaning. I—I hope the car breaks down on him," thought Jill viciously. "How dare he—how dare he not believe me? . . . Not that I care what he thinks."

**B**UT she did, she cared quite desperately. She stood there in the lane, in the quiet of the summer evening, and knew suddenly that what Neil thought mattered more than anything in the world. And she knew, too, that to be the woman he set his heart on would be happiness beyond her wildest dreams.

Just how hopeless that dream was Jill realized when she began to hear Ilona's name coupled with Neil's on the gossip grapevine.

She had long ago discovered that there was something in the friendly intimacy of the salon which caused women to "let their hair down" in more ways than one. Perhaps the laying bare of every physical blemish to the critical yet sympathetic eye of the beauty specialist brought a strange compulsion to make even deeper revelations.

Certainly the discreet pale green walls of Jill's cubicle had heard many a startling confession, many a scintillating fragment of gossip, which she saw confirmed when the events were made public. It seemed sometimes that these fine threads which passed through her fingers were the warp and weft of the whole life of the town.

And it was in this way that she learnt how Ilona, who had before been talked about as the mysterious niece of "that wealthy Mrs. Jefferies," was now rousing comment in a very different way.

Ilona was stepping out and making up for lost time with a vengeance!

Since she had been jerked out of her listlessness and vague, dark suspicions, she was grasping at life with both hands. Jill heard that she was buying clothes, heaps of clothes, the sort of clothes that would set back her bank balance quite considerably.

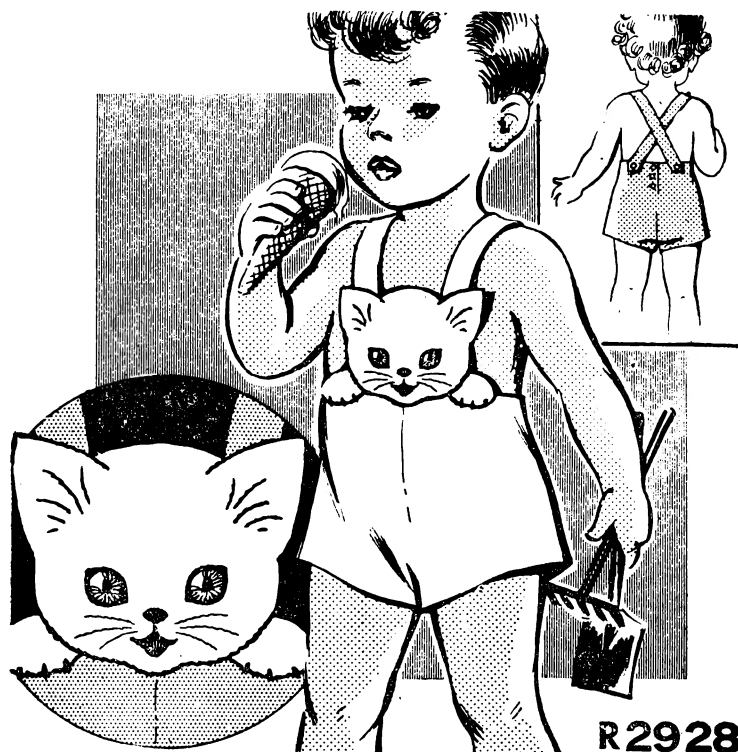
She was learning to drive—conclusive proof that she had shaken off her nervousness. And she was being seen everywhere with the young doctor whose bachelor state was bound, in a provincial town where everyone's affairs were discussed, to be a favorite topic of speculation.

It seemed, in Myra's phrase, that "somebody had fallen for somebody" in a big way. This was her first and last observation on "the Jefferies girl;" for Jill rounded on her furiously, suggesting that if she kept her mind on her own love affairs, instead of other people's, they might run more smoothly.

And then, almost as startled as Myra herself by the vehemence of her outburst, she began hunting for a new pack of tissues in the sliding cupboard, to hide the betraying whiteness of her face, the trembling of her hands.

(To be continued)

## KITTEN PLAYSUIT



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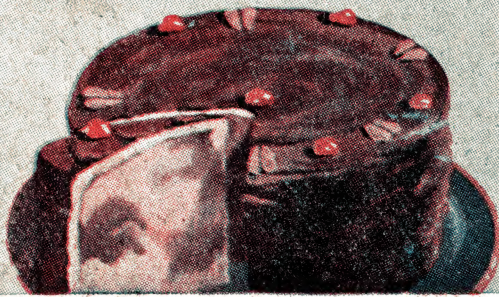
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Method.—Cream butter and sugar and add unbeaten eggs separately, beating well. Add the flour alternately with the milk, mixing lightly. Add the Coffee Essence to one half and the vanilla to the other. Stir the two together lightly and place in a well greased tin. Bake about 45 minutes, moderate oven, 450°. When cold ice with Coffee butter icing and decorate.

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